Can We Not?

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Can We Not?

by orphan_account

Summary

Hannibal basically kidnaps Will which starts their progressing relationship towards lovers YAYAYAYAY anyways I would say there is quite a bit of manipulation but I would be pushing it to say it's that complex.

"Will," Hannibal says, demanding Will's full attention. "As much as I enjoy watching you contemplate this situation, the dinner I have prepared for you is beginning to cool."

The topic shift to the food causes tension to pool into the room, as if there wasn't enough already. Will bites his lip as he inspects Hannibal's face to gauge if his next sentence will provide a consequence. He risks it, not being able to hold back his desire to piss off his captor regardless of how much he used to adore Hannibal's company.

"Let it then," He barks, the statement quickly losing its desired effect due to Wills uncalled for trembling. It's clear to Hannibal that, no matter how hard Will is trying to imply otherwise, he is frightened. Hannibal knows this will be to his advantage, whether he intended it to or not.

Notes

ah this is my first ever fanfic im mainly an artist im not really a great writer but lets hope this isnt too bad<3 I GUESS WHEN YOU SHIP A CANNIBAL AND AN UNSTABLE FBI AGENT YOU START PRETENDING YOU HAVE DIFFERENT TALENTS. Anyways I dont know how long this fic will be and If i do continue it, I intend for it to be sexual so I guess ill adjust the tags as i go. I kinda wrote this at 4 am the night before christmas so i guess i am a bit on a no sleep high ya know
im also a bit bad at grammar and punctuation so im sorry for that i hope it isnt too obnoxious

btw this goes straight into it like theres no "they get to know eachother" stage its just a straight up will knows hannibal is the ripper and HERE WE ARE

See the end of the work for more notes

okay m8 no

"*Will*," he whispers, gesturing to the plate of meat in front of him. But no matter how gentle Hannibal's commands seem, Will knows they are far from innocent. Hannibal's the Ripper after all and he's demanding Will to eat, not asking.

Will shakes his head in another solid *no*, his head being the only part of his body that isn't restrained to the chair. This refusal also being one of the many *no*'s Hannibal has experienced this evening.

Hannibal twitches, his neutral mask slightly removing itself. Hannibal may be able to manipulate Will, remove all of his connections to others, and take away his valued freedom, but he refuses to give up his diet. After all, it's practically the only string of control Will has in this situation.

Wrong, Will concludes, slightly annoyed that he'd let himself deny reality even for a second. Hannibal isn't giving Will any control. Even allowing Will to decide if he eats or not, is an illusion. As much as he likes to deny it, Will's diet will soon be, if not already, as tainted as his mind. Hannibal will be making him eat tonight, whether he desires to or not.

The thought makes Will pause, his train of thought clouded by the taste of bile creeping along his throat. *He's the Ripper.* Will repeats to himself, making sure he remembers that even if he does allow himself to be fed the victims, it's no simple task. It would be insulting to act as if the meal were just some typical steak when they are victims who didn't deserve to die no matter their crimes. If Will does agree to eat, he deserves the traumatic experience for allowing himself to be so easily coerced into Hannibal's lifestyle. Its his fault he didnt see it sooner. Will tries to continue his thought process, figuring what way, if he does agree, would leave him with his morals still intact. He can no longer focus on the thought though as he just barely manages to hold down the vomit beginning to fill his mouth. Disgust quickly turns to anger as Will remembers that, one again, Hannibal is the cause of all of this. He's attempting to manipulate him.

Attempting? More like "is manipulating". Will corrects himself.

He scowls and repeats *no* through another head shake, despite his earlier thought of accepting. Will intends to drag this out as long as he can, prolonging the time before his decision is decided for him. This "no," confirms for Hannibal that even after a long session of thought, he will still not be consenting to whatever Hannibal tries to feed him as long as he has the choice.

Hannibal frowns, not even making an effort to use one of his masks to hide his disappointment.

This causes Will to hesitate. His emotions begin to scramble, all of his past thoughts of disgust slipping from his mind as quickly as they had arrived. A part of Will is satisfied that his captor is not pleased with his act of rebellion, but on the other hand, a part of him is just as disappointed in himself as Hannibal is. Will knows Hannibal, or *knew* Hannibal, and he

feels a slight guilt ache in his heart that his once friend, is not happy. Although Hannibal is the Ripper, Will had known him as someone who understood WIll and there weren't many people who could do that. The day he had found out Hannibal was the Ripper was the day he lost the only person who he had ever intended to open up to.

Maybe he still does understand me. Will swats the idea away; he does not want a *cannibal* to understand him.

Will's thoughts are interrupted as Hannibal's frown slowly dissolves into a neutral smile, although Will notices the slight smugness beneath it. Hannibal hums quietly, the noise sending a shiver down Will's spine. Then, Will's confusion for his feelings towards his captor immediately turns to anger. He knows why Hannibal is suddenly so smug. Stupid psychiatrist must've realized Will was struggling on with his affection towards Hannibal.

"Oh god," WIll whispers to himself, his mind abruptly changing topics.

He sees that the past 30 minutes had just been Hannibal making expressions, and Will responding like a dog would to his master. If this situation wasn't so unfortunate, Will would suggest it's foreplay. Foreplay that ends in his inevitable forced eating. In that moment, he feels like screaming. The only thing stopping him from doing so is the fact that this would make Hannibal pleased and the last thing he wants right now is to provide Hannibal anymore amusement. Him toying with Will for the past year should've been enough to fulfill Hannibal's desire but apparently not. Will wonders if an outsider to the situation would believe him when he says hes an consultant to the FBI. It'd probably be hard to convince them he is because of how easily Hannibal had strung him along.

Hannibal, a bit reluctantly, brings Will back from his crisis by resting his hand gently on Will's shoulder. Will shudders at the sudden touch and scans Hannibal's face to reveal if the hand is meant to be a threat or a comfort. Will stares, looking for some guidance but Hannibal's neutral expression gives no answer to his curiosity.

"Will," Hannibal says, demanding Will's full attention. "As much as I enjoy watching you contemplate this situation, the dinner I have prepared for you is beginning to cool."

The topic shift to the food causes tension to pool into the room, as if there wasn't enough already. Will bites his lip as he inspects Hannibal's face to gauge if his next sentence will provide a consequence. He risks it, not being able to hold back his desire to piss off his captor regardless of how much he used to adore Hannibal's company.

"Let it then," He barks. The statement quickly losing its desired effect due to Wills uncalled for trembling. It's clear to Hannibal that, no matter how hard Will is trying to imply

otherwise, he is frightened. Hannibal knows this will be to his advantage, whether he intended it to or not.

"Will, as intelligent as you are, I'm sure you've recognized the position you are in." Even if the sentence was spoken with care, it leaves Will sweating in his restraints.

Will snorts, trying to hold back addressing that Hannibal was clearing threatening him. He knows his last remark didn't follow through but he plans this one too.

He fails to keep his mouth shut and snarks back, "Is that some fancy way of telling me you're going to force it down my throat?"

"Yes," Hannibal responds without hesitation, clearly intending for it to be too blunt for Will to take jokingly.

The abrupt answer leaves Will speechless, only left to swallows back his comments. Will begins to feel his chest tighten and he knows a panic attack will soon come.

He twists in his restraints, praying the bite of a tight rope will bring him back to reality before he goes into an attack, but he's only met with a loose tug.

The ropes aren't near as tight as Will had anticipated and without him realizing, a slight grin appears on his face, his chest finally allowing air once again.

Hannibal fixes his sights on Will's mouth and mirrors the same grin. He chuckles, knowing that Wills happiness for the gain of control is misguided. Will instantly looks up after hearing the chuckle, irritated by his lack of understanding to the humor of his situation. He releases his smile and inhales, searching for some clarity in his mind.

"Fuck." He exhales harshly. "I'm already trapped emotionally so what's the point of being trapped psychically."

Will cringes at the words that slipped off his tongue as if vocalizing this truth was far worse than actually acknowledging it. He sighs. It would be strangely cliché, almost poetic, if it wasn't such a harsh realization. Will closes his eyes, taking his time regain his composure. The last thing he needs right now is to display anymore vulnerability than he already has. He opens his eyes and quickly turns his attention towards Hannibal.

Hannibal's eyes sparkle with affection, and the sight almost makes Will want to beg Hannibal to kill him. At this point, death would be a gift. Hannibal breaths shallow as he begins to feel

his already strong interest for Will grow even more.

"So I was right," Will asks, hoping that by some miracle, Hannibal will say no.

Hannibal only responds with a nod, although he sees Will doesn't need his confirmation to know he was correct in his statement.

Will exhales shakily and it's all so cruel. He doesn't want to see Hannibal and he certainly doesn't want to eat the victim in front of him, but I guess it's this or Hannibal forcing a tube down his throat. Will throws in a last ditch effort to think of an escape from this fate. He considers influencing himself into having a panic attack; maybe Hannibal would fear losing his precious toy too much to force him to eat during his attack. He then reconsiders, remembering that Hannibal isn't the type to let unconsciousness stop him from his plans.

"Okay," Will trembles, "I'll eat it."

oh lordy

Chapter Summary

will ate the meat and is dying bc that shit was bad af and hannibal is horny af towards wills bod and they argue and some manipulation goes down again
HANNIBAL Y U GOTTA DO THIS SRSLY WILL WAS JUST TRYNA JOKE AROUND

Chapter Notes

I have ABSOLUTELY NO CLUE WHERE THIS IS GOING LOL LETS HOPE FOR THE BEST YAY

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will grips the porcelain in each of his hands, heaving deeply into the toilet. The restraints no longer holding him back, Hannibal had deemed them pointless now that Will had already eaten his dinner. Will braces himself against the toilet seat, waiting for his stomach to empty. His eyes beginning to water as his mouth fills. He doesn't even try to stop the vomit from escaping, wanting the victim out of him as quickly as possible. He sobs, choking on his puke, the taste of meat and acid laying above his tongue. Will had anticipated the meat to disgust him and possibly lead him to vomit, but this was far worse than anything he had ever imagined. He felt broken, helpless to his captor and his morals completely shattered after having agreed to consume the food.

You had no choice, Will comforts himself, aiming to find just any thought that could possibly help him regain his self control.

You could've tried to fight him. The thought lingering in the back on his mind, finally voicing itself. Will was not a petite man but compared to Hannibal, anyone could seem fragile. He would've lost against Hannibal, and it would've only resulted in him being further restricted. Tears stream down Will's face as his grip on reality breaks. Everything begins to fade.

After what seems like centuries, Hannibal eventually sees Wills body relax. He at first smiles, loving the sight of Will surrendering himself, but after a quick glance at Will's face, he realizes the man is now unconscious. Will's lifeless eyes staring down at the tile.

Hannibal strokes Will's chest, feeling the rise and fall of steady breathing.

"Splendid progress," Hannibal murmurs.

During the whole evening, Hannibal had held himself back, carefully allowing his masks to slip according to Will's thought process. But now, with the man unconscious beneath him, Hannibal hardly holds himself back from expressing his delight. He runs his hands through Will's chocolate curls, savouring every second of contact his hands make against Will's scalp. He cups Will's cheek, rubbing his fingers along the scruff beginning to curl under Will's chin. Hannibal can't resist and he bares his teeth, biting Will's jaw with just enough force to draw blood. The taste is absolutely delicious and far better than anything hes ever tasted before. It brings Hannibal to pure bliss. He pauses though, knowing if he doesn't stop now, he could possibly lose control and hurt Will. The thought makes his nose scrunch.

Hannibal is a gentleman, and the idea of assaulting Will like that leaves a sour taste in his mouth.

He picks up Wills lifeless body and carries him bridal style into his bedroom. Wills eyelids flutter at the contact of the silk sheets against his skin as Hannibal places him on the bed.

"Shh," Hannibal coos, attempting to hide his happiness as he sees the bite mark from earlier reddening as new blood flows onto the surface of Will's skin.

Beautiful.

Wills eye lids snap open, scanning for Hannibal's presence. Relief spreads across his face when he realizes Hannibal is nowhere in sight. He lifts himself up, shocked by the soft sheets underneath him and not hard tile. This room is far different from Hannibal's kitchen, it's calming. The beige walls and maroon carpet are a pleasant scenery change from all the cold porcelain in the kitchen and bathroom. He finds himself almost at peace, being so exhausted after the emotional distress he was under just, what feels like, seconds ago. He rubs at his chin and tightens his posture when he feels a wetness hit his fingers. Will looks down, frightened immediately by the site of blood lying on his fingertips. He rises out of the bed, scampering to the door, opening it just in time to find Hannibal's fist raised, about to knock. The sudden sight makes Hannibal's mask slip for a second, obviously dumbfounded at Wills unexpected appearance in front of him.

"Why am I bleeding?" Will glares at Hannibal, intending for his question to demand an answer. "Did you cut me?"

"Ah," Hannibal exhales, "I'm glad to see you've regained your energy Will."

Wills eyes burn with fury, registering that Hannibal will not be answer his question any time soon.

"You're breaking me, you do realize that, right?" Will practically shouts, his anger growing stronger every passing moment.

"Oh my darling boy, I'm not breaking you, I'm simply removing the layers in your mind to show you your true potential."

Will scoffs harshly. "If that isn't breaking me, I don't know what is."

Hannibal stares at him, and provides a solid reminder to Will. *Another threat, in other words.*

"Will, me breaking you should be the least of your worries. I hope you haven't forgotten who I am."

Will bites his lip, he hardly desires to stroke Hannibal's ego by acknowledging the title Hannibal enjoys. *The Ripper.*

"Oh I haven't, Hannibal the Cannibal. Fuck you, you're just some narcissistic prick who needs an audience to keep his self esteem high."

The snide comment jabs immediately at Hannibals pride and Will views an expression cross Hannibals face that he had never seen before.

Oh shit. Hannibals angry.

Abruptly, Hannibal grabs at Wills waist, slinging Will over his shoulder. Will shrieks, unable to hold back the fear growing in his stomach. Hannibal has tolerated Will's rudeness but he will not taking such a low blow lightly. He plants Will down right in front of a full length mirror, and Will knows what's going to happen.

"God no," Will huffs out through his already shallowing breath, feeling his chest tightening. He cringes at the reflection in the mirror, displaying his vulnerability as Hannibal grips onto him. The stag slowly appearing right behind Hannibal. He hadn't seen the stag for so long, not since Abigail's death that the sight brings back every saddening memory like a punch to his stomach. He knows, this event will be just as gruesome as Abigail's death.

Hes going to kill me .

The realization makes Wills knees buckle, Hannibal being the only thing stopping him from crashing to the ground that very second.

"I'm sorry Hannibal, forgive me," He begs.

Hannibal pushes Wills upper back into his chest, bringing Wills head to rest upon Hannibals shoulder.

"Don't worry Will, I will savour you." Hannibal whispers into Will's ear, his breath hot and warming.

"Hannibal," Will pleads. He can hardly see his reflection anymore through his glassy eyes.

Hannibal pulls out a knife from his pocket, sliding it right next to Will's throat, the blade slowly pushing itself into Will's flesh. He shivers violently, thrashing against Hannibals chest.

Stop! Stop! He mouths into the mirror, face so flushed he can hardly recognize himself.

Will scrunches his eyes tight, expecting the sharp knife to puncture right through his skin, jabbing its way along his soft flesh and he shouts.

"HANNIBAL, *PLEASE!"*

And then, as if all that was needed was a simple "*please*," Hannibal tucks the blade back into his pocket and releases Will. Will slumps to the ground, his knees thudding hard against the solid hardwood. He will no doubt have bruises. Will shoves his hands onto his eyes, sobbing like a helpless child. He screams into his palms, spit flying from his foaming mouth. His cheeks are bright red and his sweat soaked right through his shirt, causing the fabric to cling. He coughs out a laugh as he imagines how pathetic he had looked in the mirror. The chuckle quickly turns into a scream once again, making his own ears ring as his voice strains itself louder and louder. Hannibal has once again, manipulated Will to the point where he is it at his most vulnerable, exposing every insecurity to Hannibal.

Hannibal attempts to help the lost man up but Will bites at Hannibals fingers when they approach.

"Dont fucking touch me!" He strains the words out. Hannibal sighs, as if this was nothing but another simple act of rebellion.

"Will, I'm disappointed to see we have taken a step back in our relationship today. We will continue tomorrow."

And with that, Will is left alone, crying to himself.

Chapter End Notes

so if youre a bit confused about why the stags randomly there i wanted to include the stag in chapter 1 but i forgot so YOLO SWAG LETS DO IT NOW THEN HAHA and so basically what happened was will got sassy at hannibal and hannibal punished will by making him think hannibal was gonna kill him. i hope the angst is well written im awful at writing action scenes.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

> so will gets drugged 10/10 and hannibal lets him go? HUH? AND WILL IS SLIGHTLY OPENING UP TO CANNIBALISM HUHUHUHuHuHuHuHUuHuH>??????

Chapter Notes

> sorry this is a mess of a story yolo swaggin it so well LOL but anyways yeah its a short chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I apologize for my behavior yesterday," Hannibal pronounced into the dark bedroom, the crack in the door being the only source of light. The room reeked, fear and sweat clouding the air. But as putrid as the odors were, Hannibal found himself enchanted with every inhale. And despite his inability to deny his dislike for body odor, Hannibal wasn't much surprised by his attraction to Will's aroma. Will had always carried a beautiful fragrance.

He opened the door a little wider, just enough for the light to allow him to see inside. Hannibal had hoped that Will would have slept through the night but after seeing a small glimpse of the thoroughly soaked sheets, he knew Will had not gotten a wink of sleep. Hannibal knew it had been wishful thinking to believe Will wouldve been asleep when he'd reappear, but he had gripped onto the thought, desperately avoiding this. Wills refusal left him no choice though, it was now an inevitable event.

The sight of Hannibal caused Will to scamper back in the bed, trying to create as much distance between them as he could possibly manage. He pressed himself further away until finally, his back was completely compressed into the headboard. His shirt clung to his chest, making the sensation of wood against his back even more unpleasant than he had expected. Will tried to remain calm, but after last night, he was petrified. He couldn't even deny how much even just a slight glance of Hannibal caused him to panic. Though, the syringe in Hannibals hands confirmed he had reason to be as alarmed as he was.

"Are you going to drug me," Will choked. "Right after apologizing too?" He would be angry if his mind wasn't so clouded by exhaustion and fear.

"We can't reclaim any progress if you're exhausted all the time," Hannibal responded, sliding his hand against the wet sheets. "Or would you rather me speak with you now, when you're completely helpless?"

In other words Hannibal was stating, *If we talk as you are now, you'll be so easy to ruin.*

Will swallowed harshly, wondering if he should begin counting how many times Hannibal was going to threaten him during his imprisonment here.

"Don't play that, you know either way i'm going to be helpless. You made it that way." Will gripped at the sheets, reciting his comment to himself. He gulped down another rasping plentiful of spit.

Hannibal progressed even closer to Will, the syringe trailing its way towards its target. Will clutched his arms to his chest, praying that Hannibal wouldn't be able to find a vein. It was a futile attempt, Hannibal was a surgeon, he'd surely know more places to put a syringe then into someone's arm. The needle glided into Will's neck, a whimper escaping his lips as soon as it penetrated his skin. Hannibals maroon eyes softened as he watched Will sink into the mattress, his consciousness disappearing.

When Will woke up, he realized he was back in Hannibals office, the typical site of their "therapy sessions,"if you could even consider them that. Will was placed in his usual chair, the lack of restraints on his hands being acknowledged more than anything else. He immediately sprung up from the chair, shocked by the amount of energy a slight rest left him with.

Or was it a "slight rest?"

Will sprinted towards the clock on Hannibals desk, his eyes flickering at the hands. *9:58 pm.* Will was relieved he at least knew the time of day. He wondered if anyone had noticed he had been missing, he'd only been gone a day but surely his class would be curious at his disappearance without a substitute. Though, they'd probably just assume their unstable professor was having a tantrum. He sighed, sliding back down into the chair he had awoken in. Will knew Hannibal would be appear soon, desperate to influence Will into becoming a cannibal. He paused, the thought not being as disturbing as it had been just days ago.

Fuck. Will felt very conflicted at this newfound acceptance on cannibalism. He was disturbed that he had allowed himself to adjust his view on the subject from just one night at Hannibal's. It just made him realize how quickly Hannibal could rearrange his mindset. *This damn empathy, it's the worst thing in the world.* He grunted.

"Wait," Will mumbled to himself. How did Hannibal warp his opinion? Most of the time, if not the whole time, he had been angry with Hannibal. They'd even, "taken a step back," in

their relationship last night? There was no point where Will had acknowledged Hannibal as a good person, and there was no time when he had any appreciation for Hannibals lifestyle, so why was he suddenly so open to the idea? Will stroked his stubble, his fingers tracing over the bite Hannibal had left.

Was he missing something? Had Hannibal been doing something to him in his unconscious state? He stilled for a moment, trying to recover missing memories. He started retracing his steps, hoping the puzzle pieces would align. He had been abducted by Hannibal last night, almost killed later that night, drugged the next morning, and was now currently in Hannibals office later the same day. He had been unconscious two times during this whole situation, once after eating, and once again the next morning. Would that even be enough time to coerce Will into Hannibals lifestyle? And what if Hannibal hadn't even changed him through any dirty tactics, what if Will was just finally becoming a victim of his environment. Being around a cannibal this long surely can't be healthy, maybe he was just mirroring Hannibal? Will clenched his jaw shut, tightening his fingers into a fist.

If I do become someone like Hannibal, should I kill myself? He contemplated the idea, and decided to set the thought in the back of his mind. If Will was so easily to changed, he could develop back to the way he was before, but in order to do that, he'd need to get away from Hannibal. Will shuffled towards the door, holding the handle in his palm. He inhaled strongly, and pulled the door open, refusing to ponder why it was so easy to leave, why Hannibal would let him go. Will didn't care, as long as he could leave. His eyes watered as he remembered how his dogs were probably waiting for him, their stomachs grumbling at the lack of food. It would take many hours before he'd finally get home, the distance from Hannibals office and Will's home was not a short trip. Will began running, knowing the spurt of energy he had currently would be gone soon. Will's feet began to ache, though the only thing remaining on his mind was his dogs. They needed him, and he needed them. Anything to keep his mind away from Hannibal.

Chapter End Notes

SO YEAH WILL IS RLY CONFUSED IM CONFUSED WHY IS HANNIBAL LETTING WILL GOIDK? WHY IS WILL SUDDENLY OPEN TO THE IDEA??? YOO WHATD HANNIBAL DO WHEN HE WAS UNCONCIOUS IDK LETS FIND OUT NEXT TIME

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

hannibal and will being super thirsty af and finally realizing they're(more like just will, hannibal has been in sinners hell 4 a long time) gay af.

Chapter Notes

sorry i accidentally posted this chapter before previewing it and I GOT SO NERVOUS THAT I DELETED IT. I still don't know where this story is going, and frankly idk if i mind that it's a complete mess. ANYWAYS i really hope to finish it though (i have no idea how many chapters i intend this to be so LETS HOPE FOR THE BEST) this chapter is mostly just hannibal talkin bout how much he loves will 10/10 quality content totally
sorry for the long time waiting for update (if any of u r waiting LOL) i have been a bit lazy with writing this so all of this was written in between classes or on my way to school. i still have fun doing it<3 though if i ever do write another fanfic i will definitely have to plan it. all this indecisive character development always worries me

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal knew he shouldn't have, but after seeing Will defenseless and shaking, he couldn't resist. This was the second time he fed Will during his unconscious state. Hannibal watched as Wills clumsy lips opened, preparing for another bite of the meal. He pressed the spoonful of heart onto Will's tongue. Oh how tempting it was for Hannibal to shove the spoon down Will's throat, choke him to death, but the thought soon disappeared at the sight of Wills Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed. It would be a shame for Will to die when he is so enchanting. Hannibal smiled, those precious lips that innocently wrapped around the spoon would soon be his. He'd cover those lips with kisses, make Will moan harder than he ever knew he could. Hannibal would treasure each and every moment they'd spend together. But, although as lovely as his lover was now, Hannibal needed Will awake for when they embrace. Patience is key, Hannibal knew.

"Good boy," Hannibal hummed into Will's ear. The vibrations caused a soft moan to escape Will's mouth. Will's gentle purrs were music to Hannibal and if he could, he'd bottle those noises up for himself to savor everyday. Hannibal's eyes softened as he stared down at the scruffy man. He was very reluctant to let Will go but he knew this was the only way for Will to come back to Hannibal. Freedom was important for Will and although Hannibal was positive he owned Will's freedom, the illusion of it gave Will the power he craved. It'd be worth it, after all there was nothing quite as pleasing as the satisfaction of knowing Will was

his. Hannibal fondly guided the man out of the dining room chair, cupping his hand over Will's. Wills barely audible huffs filled Hannibal's ears as he picked him up. Hannibal inhaled, trying to remain focused on his goal but he allowed himself an occasional ever so slightly noticeable glance at his lover. Such trivial matters float into his mind, how he wishes he had made his office farther away from the dining room so that he could hold Will longer. He frowns to himself, losing the warmth of Will as he sets the man against his chair. Hannibal truly wishes he could be there when Will wakes but his curiosity for this is not worth ruining his plans. He has to do this in order for Will to realize.

He knows once Will regains consciousness, he will go straight to his home. The man will be desperate to get back into his own territory after being in Hannibal's so long. Hannibal will use this, he will go to Will's home, invading his boundaries. He drives to Will's home, cringing at the memory of Will's dogs. His suit won't be salvageable after this visit. He could kill the pack, leave their bodies for Will to find, but that'd just make Will hate him. As much as he'd love to indulge, he would never if it meant losing even a fraction of Will's love. Maybe Will could open up to Hannibal's murderous hobbies but he'd never allow Hannibal to hurt an animal. That was a line Hannibal knew to never cross.

Eventually, Hannibal arrived at Will's home, his nose filling with his lover's alluring scent. The inducing smell almost made Hannibal not notice the large pack of dogs running his way. He braces himself as the seductive scent disappears under the putrid odor of wet dog. The dogs leap on him, sniffing him aggressively. He stares down at them, his intense glare growing more and more noticeable. The mutts don't back down, instead they fearlessly cling onto Hannibal's pants, their throats releasing puppy-like whines. The desire to kill each and everyone of them is an idea he is entertaining even after his whole "no killing the dogs for Will" speech. He thinks better of it.

Hannibal opens the stiff door, shifting around the dogs in order to get inside. He then notices the empty food bowl and understands the dogs desperation at the sight of him. As he pours the dog food into the bowl, he contemplates Will's reaction when he reaches his home and sees his dogs have been fed. He will know that Hannibal has been in his home and he will know that Hannibal isn't letting him go. Before Hannibal leaves, he heads back to his car, picking up the rest of the dish that Will hadn't finished the first night and places it upon Will's counter. He then gets into his car and checks his watch, his heart rate raising. His lover should be awake and heading home by now.

After a 3 hour long walk, Will had finally reached his home. His energy was completely gone, having lost it all after his attempted sprint. He opened the door, expecting hungry whines from his dogs, but the dogs only eagerly smelt him. It took Will only a second to process that Hannibal must've fed them, or they would've been begging for food by now. He caught himself from smiling, although the grin was already peeking out of his face. He

should've been more worried about the fact that Hannibal had been in his home but, he only found himself delighted. Hannibal didn't really enjoy dogs, so the fact that he went out of his way to feed them for will, almost made his heart flutter.

Stop, Will told himself. Feeding someone's dogs was not a big deal. He was acting like a teenager.

He turned his attention back to his dogs, remembering what he had told himself before leaving Hannibal's office. "To not become like him, I have to stay away from him." Hannibal was bad news, and that was a nice way to put how intimidating he was. For a moment, Will considered calling jack to say he had just been kidnapped by the ripper- by Hannibal, but he knew jack wouldn't believe him. Jack never did believe Will when it came to Hannibal. Will would be right about every murder case and ever killer but the second he accused Hannibal, he was delusional. The more he thought about it, the more angry he became in his inability to catch Hannibal, no matter what he'd say. But then again, even if Hannibal was in jail, he still would be in Will's mind and either way Hannibal would probably find ways to kill people even from inside a cell. Everything just felt like a futile attempt at distancing himself from Hannibal. His whole resolution before leaving Hannibals office is gone, Hannibal will never leave Will. He guesses he should negotiate the
"terms" of whatever the fuck they plan to make of their relationship.

Will was almost appreciative that his thought was interrupted by the bright shine of a plate against his kitchen counter. This thankfulness would've lasted longer had he not recognized the familiar plate. The dish stood in front of him and although Will was positive it was the same meat he had eaten his first night at Hannibal's, he still felt curious. Hannibal always did this to him, making him curious and intrigued when he wished he wasn't. Will puffed out an exhale and prepared to relive the events as he lifted the silver dish cover. The
memories consumed him, reminding him of how he choked and gagged up the meal, of how Hannibal caressed his back as he puked, of how Hannibal gently held his hair back.. of how Hannibal whispered sweet nothings in his ears....

Will pulled his hands against his face in disgust. Is he seriously allowing the memory of him eating an innocent person to become into a good memory? No way. Will yanked his hands off his face and just before he threw the dish into the garbage, he notices a small note peeking out under the meat. And If there was any doubt if Hannibal wrote it -although there wasn't- the way the fancy text sat against the white paper proved it was him.

"Will finish this, please."

Will scoffed. Hannibal must think very highly of himself if he believes just a simple "please" will make Will submit. Then again, this is probably a test. A test that provides Hannibal with an idea of how much more he will need change Will until he submits- *Yes,* he repeats
to himself, *Until aka It's going to happen*- or maybe it's a test to show how honest Will is, to see if he will lie about eating. What if it isn't a test, what if he genuinely just wants to see Will full? He can't deny the hunger growing in his stomach. *Growing?* Shouldn't he already be hungry?

When was the last time he even ate? A day ago? Why was he not hungry earlier? Questions flood Wills brain and he tries to deny the thought creeping up towards his mouth.

Hannibal must've fed Will during his unconsciousness. Was this really that surprising? Hannibal was never one to play completely fair, although Will doubts Hannibal shares his same opinion. What surprises Will though is, this reality slides right off his shoulders. He still disagrees with cannibalism and would never do it out of choice- without blackmail- he reminds, but in this case, there was nothing Will could do, so why would he feel bad about it? Will almost catches a prideful sound to his inner dialogue but instead of addressing it, he turns his mind back to Hannibal. Will he eat this meal his ~~lover~~ captor has so carefully left behind? Before he lets himself answer, the dish is already in the trash. He can accept that maybe his feelings for Hannibal may lean towards love, but he wont accept the killing. Like he had said before, it's time to negotiate. Next time Hannibal comes, they can no longer deny the truth.

Will's in love.

Chapter End Notes

woop i hope wills sudden love confession isnt too abrupt, ive tried to leave subtle hints in the other chapters but YA KNOW WILLS P GOOD AT NO HOMOING IT

HELP

Chapter Summary

Hannibal basically waits Will out, hoping his honeychan will come to him but he doesnt so shit goes down and he uses Jack to get to Will.

Chapter Notes

help i wanted to make this longer but i have so much i want to write after this part so im gonna do it in the next chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been a week since Hannibal left Will's home and Hannibal would be lying if he said it was easy. The week already was agonizingly sluggish, every day seemingly passing slower than the last. Hannibal was typically a patient man, but with Will so close he found himself overwhelmed by his anxiousness. He knew that Will needed space, time to realize how deeply in love with Hannibal he actually was. It wouldn't take long, the transition from friends to lovers was not that large of a leap. And though Hannibal's eating habits did put a dent in that transition, the obstacle was necessary. The subject had to be discussed eventually and Hannibal knew it was better for Will to know his intentions sooner than later. He did it early for Will. It was already a difficult conversation for the scruffy man but if he had done it after they were lovers, it'd be excruciating. Hannibal flicked his eyes towards his calendar and felt a bitterness approach his tongue. If Will didn't reach out to him before the next week ended, Hannibal would be forced to change his plans. He pulled out his phone, gliding over Will's contact name. As he scrolled, another name shined on his screen, Jack. A smile emerged on Hannibal's face, thankful that he had hesitated from killing the obnoxious male. Jack was still in Hannibal's back pocket and if necessary, Hannibal would have to use him. Anything for Will.

Will trembled, his eyes adjusting to the dark. During the whole week, he had woken like this, covered in sweat and anxious to find a figure in his room. Will was constantly scanning his room for Hannibal and although he sensed Hannibal wasn't coming, he still felt a sense of paranoia. After the first week had passed entirely uneventful, he knew the cannibal was probably waiting for Will to initiate the next move. There was no way that was happening though. As much as Will desired Hannibal, he thought going back to the house he was held

captive at just days ago seemed too ironic for his liking. The second week started the same as the last week, and he expected nothing more than another cruelly prolonged wait. Though, on the second day during the new week, he found a foreign plate against his door mat. Will considered sending it to Jack, use it as evidence against Hannibal, but being known as unstable, Will knew it'd probably make him out to be guilty of the crime. Instead, Will decided to ignore the dish and swallowed back his curiosity. For the next three days, this cycle repeated. Hannibal leaving food, Will throwing it away. The repetition revealed Hannibal's patience was waning and Will knew Hannibal would soon indulge.

The days passed at an even more glacial place than last week and Hannibal hoped that the meals left at Will's doors would motivate his love to come to him. Unfortunately, his efforts were in vain. He could no longer wait for Wills stubbornness to end. He guessed it was time to call Jack.

Will jumped at the sound of his phone ringing. He had almost forgotten he even owned a phone at how little he used it to actually communicate with anyone, besides Hannibal of course. Wills mind immediately went to the cannibal; Hannibal must've been calling. He was dumbfounded though when the name that lit up the room was none other than Jack. Will remembered his bitterness at Jacks inability to see Hannibal for what he truly was. He managed to stop himself before he had a relapse of his thoughts from when he himself considered calling Jack. On the fourth ring he picked up the phone, sighing deeply before hearing the man yell.

"Will meet me in my office. I know it's been a while but there's been multiple murders," Jack hesitated, evaluating if it was too soon to address the issue. "And Hannibal has news on The Ripper," the man added.

The Ripper was such a sore subject between the two that Will hadn't talked to Jack for over a month. He did feel guilty about the cases he had missed, their killers who were still undoubtedly free, but he knew staying away was for the best. Jack didn't trust Wills opinion after he accused Hannibal and frankly, Will didn't want to work under someone who had hardly any respect for him. But before Will could reject, the line fell silent. Jack hung up on Will before he could even respond. Will choked out a frustrated groan. Although he wasn't sure he wanted to go, Jack would make a fuss if he didn't. Will eventually decided he'd accept and to be completely honest, he was a bit anxious to see Hannibal so the excuse was perfect.

He rolled off of his sweat soaked bed and pulled on some wrinkled up clothes next to his bed. Will wore a collared shirt under a beige sweater with black pants and an army green jacket. As he shuffled towards his car, a trail of dogs panted after him. Will barked a few commands, forcing them away as he opened the car's door. His fingers trailed over the steering wheel

while he repeated Jack's words through his mind. "Hannibal has news on the Ripper." *Yeah that's because he is the Ripper.* Will swallowed back a sigh, knowing that Jack calling him must've been due to Hannibals impatience. They'd finally be meeting again today and Will would be lying to say he wasn't a bit nervous. His toes curled inside his shoes as he thought of Hannibal, his indecisive feelings towards the man always left him an utter mess. Will knew he liked, if not loved Hannibal, but after the whole kidnapping incident and cannibalism bullshit it was a bit ridiculous to pursue this love interest. Will sputtered out a random chuckle, remembering how dramatic the whole event was. It was almost ridiculous that this only happened two weeks ago and yet he felt decently calm about the memories. Sure the part where Hannibal made him eat the food was disgusting, but everything else faded into a lovingly domestic memory (though in reality it was the complete opposite). Is this what Hannibal intended to happen?

Will yanked on his brake, gasping at the site of Hannibal's car inches away from his own. Any closer and Will would've hit the man's Bentley. Will hesitated before opening his door but quickly accepted his fate and walked towards the building. He roamed through the building, nodding at fellow detective who had assumed Will quit. Every step he took felt more like a death sentence though as he reminded myself he and Hannibal still had to discuss their relationship. Thankfully, a pleasant voice filled his ears just enough that he didn't have to ponder the thought any longer.

"Will!," Beverly roared. The woman had always been a close friend of Will's so he openly received the greeting. Beverly had been one of the few people in his life he considered a friend. The day he left the FBI, he was going to explain to her everything about Hannibal, how he was The Ripper, and how Jack didn't even hesitate to refuse to acknowledge this truth. But Will chose not to. Instead, he left the office without even speaking to her. Back then, Hannibal would kill anyone with a connection to him and Beverly losing her ignorance was not worth the risk of her dying. Beverly reached out a few times during his absence, but she seemed to eventually accept his disappearance. It was strange losing a friend, but he knew if he was going to catch Hannibal, he needed to be with people who'd understand him. He and Hannibal were the only one's who could do that.

"I've missed you so much! Jack said you left because of some personal issues. I hope you worked those out." Beverly warmly commented.

"Ah yeah, I guess I worked it out," He mumbled. Will worked nothing out, if anything, he was more confused now than he was when he left. He would never say that though, Beverly wouldn't understand.

"Let's catch up later, Jack and Hannibal are both waiting for you," She pointed towards Jack's office.

Will stumbled towards the door, waving goodbye at Beverly as she disappeared down the hallway. The office walls were clear, but had a foggy aspect to them that allowed Will a bit of comfort as he settled his emotions. Though the conversation with Beverly made him feel a lot calmer, he felt so stupid as he gripped the door handle. His butterfly filled stomach made him feel like a brat, his self respect disappearing. He gulped down a mouthful of spit and pulled at the door. *Now or never.*

Chapter End Notes

RIP ME AND HANNIBALS SO THIRSTYYYY

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

yo m8 heres a lil warning: there's some talk of blood, murder, and vomit in this chapter <3
its really quite light and gentle compared to the actual show so i'm assuming you guys will be fine~ and HOLY HELL I DIDNT EXPECT TO WRITE THIS AS SUCH A SLOW BURN DONT WORRY THEYLL EVENTUALLY FUCK. I HATE MYSELF

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal's expression softened as Will's figure headed towards the office's door. His eyes trailed along the shadow, his fingers twitching in anticipation. Jack's inaudible voice drained into the background as the door yanked open, revealing the scruffy man. And God, the sight was beautiful. Will's delicate curls hung against his forehead, his arms wrapped in layers upon layers of cloth and the man's harsh hip bone which was clearly protruding in his black jeans was enough to make Hannibals heart skip a beat. The room fell silent, Jack's muffled speech, which Hannibal had ignored, finally quieting.

"Hello Hannibal, Jack," Will said in a voice just slightly above a whisper. Hannibal licked his lips after noticing the slight tremble in Will's softspoken welcome. Will sat down, his eyes never meeting Hannibal's in the process. Hannibal's gaze was obviously being recognized by Will, but the man was reluctant to allow the vulnerability. He moved next to Will, his lips parting, but before he even a single syllable left his mouth, Jack's obnoxious yell filled the office.

"Finally! Hannibal and I have been waiting for centuries!" Will flinched at the noise, his hands wrapping themselves around his thighs. The obvious discomfort made Hannibal have to resist the possessive urge to cut Jack's throat. No one besides himself should be allowed to harm Will.

"Relax Jack, I'm sure Will had his reasons," Hannibal hummed, his anger being completely unacknowledged by Jack. Will surely noticed though.

"Anyways, Will we found Jonas Blizzard, a male in his early 30's, left just outside of Wolf Trap. His body was found today but he was estimated to be murdered around two weeks ago. He was killed from a knife being shoved into his throat," Jack recited. He took out a few photos, displaying them to the two men.

The victim was pressed against a tree, his eyes hollowed and his face dripping with blood. The man was presented gracefully, his body positioned on the bark in a curtsy. The obvious

gapping of the man's stomach made it clear what organs were missing. The cavities his lungs, heart, and kidney used to fill were empty aside from the two eyeballs resting above his guts. How Jonas still kept his guts from spilling with the way his body leaned forward in the bow was a mystery to Will. Will swallowed harshly. This kill was rushed, Will could tell, but it was purposeful. He knew why it was done hastily. Hannibal killed this man quickly in order to have him cooked into a dish for Will. That part of the murder was clear. What wasn't clear was why Jonas? Why did Hannibal decide to kill this man in particular? Why display him like this? Will frowned painfully, he didn't want to use his empathy, it'd only make him more entranced by Hannibal. It was risky too, considering the killer was sitting just beside him. Will hoped his logic provided enough explanation to why the man was killed so that he wouldn't have to see how the killer felt during it. But a part of him wanted to feel Hannibal's thirst, his impatience. Will resisted the desire and peered down at the photo of the bloody body delivered in front of him. Will frustratedly gripped his face. He prayed in the moment that his brain would do its job, figure out the murder so that he wouldn't have to pry deeper into himself. But it was inevitable. Hannibal made it this way, leaving only a few clues so that Will would be forced to see the crime. Would be forced to see *him*. Will closed his eyes and he could swear Hannibal hummed as he did so. The puzzle pieces began to align in Will's mind.

Will drove along the dark road, it was 10:32 pm and assumingly the day Hannibal set Will free. A sign flashed in front of the car, "Wolf Trap." He stared down at the dark trail, the Bentley he drove lights being the only allowance of sight. A man was walking the trail with a flashlight in his hands. Jonas, Will knew. He drove up to the male, lowering his windows as he approached.

"Hello sir, do you need any help?" Will spoke through Hannibal's body.

"No, I'm fine," Jonas huffed out in a slightly annoyed voice, his heavy eyes clamping down onto Hannibal's tie. Will noticed the slight crinkle along Jonas' nose form at the sight of the plaid pattern.

"Alright, have a nice evening." Will said. He left the man alone for awhile before deciding to circle around back to him. He felt his grip tighten against the steering wheel as he watched Jonas' back reappear along the Bentley's window. Will breathed a sigh of relief as he lept out of the car, a knife in his hand. He reached for Jonas, ignoring the man's shouts at the sudden contact. The knife stabbed itself in Jonas' chest, careful enough to avoid the heart. Blood covered the man's shirt, large heaves of breath shuddering through his mouth. Will felt the blood layer over his hands, the wetness feeling oh so delightful. He grinned at the squirming man beneath him and felt a tide of happiness pool in his heart.

"You'll make a lovely gift. A man as rude as yourself deserves to be altered. And If those terribly dull eyes found such a beautiful tie to be distasteful, they must not appreciate any beauty at all. They are useless objects in your sockets, far better off in another area." He jabbed the knife further into Jonas' flesh. "You will be pleased I removed these, soon at least

a piece of you will be useful. Will might be able to savour your organs and give you some highly needed class. He will value them more than you ever have."

Will forced the vomit flowing up his throat down as he released his tightly closed lids. A glaze coated his eyes and he tried rubbing away the tears as his ears filled with yells. "What the fuck!" Jack was screaming, his lungs pushing out air as fast as they could. Will tried to evaluate the situation but his sight was so blurred that the only thing he could make out was a now multicolored floor. He quickly rubbed, the floor suddenly becoming very vivid. It seemed that, although Will swallowed some of his vomit, he contained only a small portion of it. The floor was a mess of Will's stomach acid and his dinner. *Oh no*, he mouthed. Everything Will didn't want to happen, happened. He was completely vulnerable next to Hannibal, his crush/the man who no one believed was the killer and now everyone saw him as the utter mess he was. People began flooding into the room, Beverly and other detectives who heard the distress coming from Jack. Beverly tried to calm Will, but she was more focused on scolding Jack for even allowing Will to be this disoriented. Will felt completely humiliated but before he could rush out of the room, Hannibal's fond stare grounded him down to Earth. Will was shocked by his disappearing shame and began questioning the situation. He never reacted this way before but it was also true that he had never experienced the murder while knowing Hannibal was the killer. The realization must've hit Will's subconscious more than he himself had ever noticed. Hannibal began rubbing soothing circles on Will's shoulders. Will had flinched away at the closeness at first, but he soon leaned into it. He needed the comfort right now and Jack's rapid shouting was anything besides calming. Eventually, Will hardened his emotions and focused on Jack.

"Will are you kidding me? Whatever you saw behind those damn eyelids better be worth the trouble I'm going to have getting this shit out of my carpet! What happened?" Jack roared. Hannibal's mouth twitched into a forced smile as he began moving back to his chair.

"Sorry Jack," Will spoke as he glanced at Hannibal, "I guess I'm not used to having The Ripper so close to me." Jack glared; they both knew what Will was implying. The elephant in the room was still weighing heavily on Will's mind.

Jack sighed, not wanting to address what Will insisted was the truth. "Whatever, just tell me what happened."

Will stuttered as he relived the vision, "Jonas was a random kill, someone who was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time. His eyes were removed from their sockets and placed against his guts just for the sheer artistic value of it. His eyes weren't deemed necessary to The Ripper. They trailed a second too long for the cannibals comfort so The Ripper just decided they shouldn't be used at all, ever again." *There's that*, Will exhaled deeply. "It was rushed because The Ripper was planning a meal for someone who, frankly, is completely uninterested," Will spoke the half truth while gazing directly into Hannibal's eyes.

Jack quieted, a bit pleased that Will was becoming useful again. "Thanks Will," He said with the most half-assed gratitude Will ever received from the man. "We will talk more later, now I have to clean up this shit."

Will maneuvered around the chair as he avoided the puke covered splotches surrounding the furniture. Hannibal followed the scruffy man, placing his hand just slightly above the small of Will's back. The men walked out of the building in complete silence, both accepting the peaceful moment before they'd discussed the real problem at hand.

As Hannibal approached his car, Will broke the silence. "I see you got sick of waiting."

Hannibal nodded, "I see you didn't enjoy my meals."

"Well it's a bit hard to accept dishes a cannibalistic serial killer prepared for you," Will mumbled. "Hannibal, what are we?"

The abrupt question left Hannibal stunned momentarily, a mask completely disappearing at the topic. He responded in another question, "What would you like us to be?'

Will's brows furrowed. If Hannibal wasn't going to answer his questions, Will sure as hell wasn't going to answer Hannibal's. "Are we seriously going to pretend you didn't kidnap me and force me to eat one of your victims?"

Hannibal grinned at the delightful reminder. "I'd never pretend such a thing Will. It would be a shame to forget that lovely evening we shared together. In fact, I'd love to share another dinner with you. Would you accompany me tonight?"

The invitation caused Will's fingers to clench as he remembered the meat pouring out of his stomach into Hannibal's toilet. He would never eat another person again, no matter how hard Hannibal pryed. Before Will could reject, Hannibal added, "Of course not at my home, At a restaurant of your choosing."

Will frowned. Hannibal left that tidpit off the first time just to test if Will would allow the cannibal to feed him. Hannibal sure loved to play dirty. Will prepared another rejection but his heart stopped him. *Just accept,* his heart prodded. *Listen to what he has to say before you refuse his love.*

"Sure," Will hesitantly responded.

"Great, text me the address before eight," Hannibal warmly insisted. And with that, the man strutted to his Bentley.

Chapter End Notes

I kinda rushed this chapter bc im thirstin 4 the gay

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

will sinNSNSNSNSNS

Chapter Notes

so will prepares for the date and masturbates to hannibal 10/10
i didnt have a lot of time to proof read this so sorry for the mistakes<3 ill prob go back and fix it tomorrow

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will should've been disgusted, he should've- but he wasn't. Despite the whole dreaded ordeal the vision in Jack's office should've brought up, the images seemed to fit nicely in Will's memory. Well, he couldn't deny the disgust his body felt imagining the scenario, the blood and guts, but in his personal thoughts, a part of Will became thoroughly intrigued. After all, Hannibal was an easily desirable man.

Before Will found out about Hannibal's tendencies, he even considered pursuing the man. Will constantly left subtle hints for his friend during their sessions, often mentioning his lack of a companion. Hannibal picked up on it pretty early and they both seemed to intend for their relationship to advance. It would've too, if not for Will one day viewing the drawings Hannibal left openly on his desk. Thinking back on it, those few pictures were left there on purpose, positioned into making an ever so slightly noticeable clue. They were an invitation. An invitation to an exclusive party of two- the only two people in the world who fully comprehended who Hannibal was. That invitation turned out to be more of a demand though because shortly after, Hannibal kidnapped him.

Will chuckled to himself. He accepted this and had allowed himself to slowly fall in love with Hannibal. Not that he really had a choice in the matter.

Will glanced at his watch, eyes hovering fondly as he remembered the dinner the two men were soon to share. It was 6pm, and it would only be a few more hours until Will would be pushed to face reality. Tonight was going to be a long night. He already texted Hannibal the address of a diner he enjoyed and soon began dressing.

The diner he chose was quiet, comfortable and cozy- but quiet. The booths were often empty and an occasional woman sat in the corner. The restaurant was definitely not up to Hannibal's

standards and the food would no doubt ruin Hannibal's well planned diet. When he had decided on the diner, it was just in spite of Hannibal.

Will giggled but soon admitted the decision was petty and now it only burdened him, for a lack of witnesses made the scenario more nerve wracking than it already was. Will sighed and swallowed back his regret. Even if there were witnesses, it probably wouldn't even change anything. Will knew that Hannibal would never physically hurt him; Although Hannibal had no trouble emotionally stomping him into a corner. No viewer would ever perceive Hannibal to be abusive, the man was masked as someone far too gentle and beautiful to have a wonky moral compass. And hell, if Hannibal could fool the whole FBI agency into believing he was innocent even after being accused by their best detective, Hannibal could surely fool a few strangers. The man entirely isolated Will and if the throb growing in his groin was proof of anything, it was that Will was undoubtedly impressed.

Will shuddered, the possessiveness and intelligence Hannibal displayed was unnerving but cunning. Will sobbed out a laugh. Of course the only man he found to be attractive had to be a cannibalistic serial killer with a tendency for manipulation.

Maybe he could change, Will thought optimistically. He had to keep an open mind about the situation or he'd go insane at the idea of spending his life next to a man who found killing to be second nature. But no matter how much Will hoped and prayed, he knew Hannibal wasn't going to allow the issue to be debatable. Will clenched his fingers clumped full of fabric. The soft tension building in palms pulled him out from his daze. He towered over the pants and shirt he had laid out over his sheets.

Should he even dress up for their "date?" Will spent a while deliberating what to wear but eventually decided to just go in what he had worn to Jack's office. It was scruffy and by wearing it he was attempting to keep this dinner casual, but no matter how hard he tried to deny it, tonight was serious. The conversations they'd soon have would conflict with their surroundings. Will's effortless appearance against the worn in booth as they discussed cannibalism would be quite a sight to see.

Will wiped away the clumped up dog fur lying on his pants as he wondered if Hannibal would dress in a suit regardless of the location they'd be eating at. The pretentious cannibal would waltz in, his patterned tie clinging to his chest and he'd present Will with the most formal expression he could muster. He'd smile, flashing his canines with an unmistakably certain goal in doing so. He'd release a sly groan as his posture relaxed against the booth and there'd be an undoubtedly delightful aroma hovering around the two from Hannibal's cologne. Will became flustered as he imagined the future and attempted to calm himself by pressing his cool jacket against his forehead. His curls clung upon the jacket, his heated cheeks resting against the smooth cloth.

Will trembled, noticing the blood flowing down to his cock. It'd been awhile since Will last masturbated and he was definitely in need of release. Will breathed shallow huffs into the material as he maneuvered his free hand towards his protruding zipper. His fingers snaked around his member and Will couldn't resist. He stroked himself passionately, imagining Hannibal's masculine veiny hand in place of his own. Will's eyelashes tapped themselves

against his cheek, his lids eventually shutting entirely. Will's mind sculpted Hannibal's beautiful features, making sure to accentuate the man's prominent cheekbones. He envisioned the way Hannibal would tease him, affectionately allowing his fingers to tap along Will's head. He'd yank occasionally; Hannibal was a rather curious man. Will gushed out a wet moan at the act, his mind blanking out the slick sounds coming from his palm.

The jacket which had been held up on his forehead suddenly descended onto the ground as Will twisted his now free hand into the bedding. Will fastened his hold around his length as his spine curled into an alluring arch. Hannibal would pull and tug at Will, ignoring the man's needy whimpers. He'd press into Will and then, finally, Hannibal would wind his fingers along Will's head to produce one last deliberate stroke. Wills heavy lids jerked opened and his mouth gaped. An inaudible inhale shoved itself down Will's throat as his body vibrated through the orgasm. He felt his tightened abdomen relax, thick cum sprinkling onto the bedding. Will's torso sank down, his head plunging against the sheets as he stared absently through tear-glazed eyes. He rested there, his mind blank, until his breathing calmed. After a few minutes, heavy puffs faded back into their typical rhythm and Will's rapidly pacing heart copied the motion, gradually steadying itself as well. His throat hummed a pleased noise. Will felt entirely at peace and the scruffy man would've fallen asleep if not for the sudden drop in his stomach. He tugged himself up from the bed, his tranquility disappeared in an instant. The adrenaline Will had originally lost pumped itself back with an abrupt spurt.

He just masturbated to Hannibal and the acknowledgment of this stunned him into astonishment

But Will wasn't in shock because he had just romanticized a cannibal who once kidnapped, drugged, and manipulated him, he was shocked because he didn't feel a single regret about it. In fact, after it, he felt more at peace than he had his whole life. It was amazing and Will was almost in disbelief at his guiltless conscience.

He objectified Hannibal and *he liked it.*

Despite having attempted to stop his lips from curling, a grin formed along Will's face. Will was deeply in love with Hannibal and the fact that he was left him a fucked up mess. Confessing this forced a laugh out of himself. Will pushed out a hoarse chuckle that descended into a broken weep. Not only had he lost his morals, he was now preparing to go to dinner with a man he had just masturbated to just hours before. His parents would be so proud.

Will spent a few more minutes indulging in his pity party before he sluggishly threw his cum covered sheets into the washer. As Will pulled on the fresh set of bedding, he paused. Would he even return home tonight? Maybe Hannibal and him would spark up a deal that'd slyly lead Will to Hannibal's home. Will shooed the thought away, not wanting to address a hypothetical situation that would only leave him full of anxiety. After a few unnecessary household chores, Will assumed it was probably about time to leave and checked his clock. He almost died once reading the bright text, *8:03pm*. Will scrambled towards his door, racing past his dogs with just enough precision that he left without catching any dog hair. "Shit, Shit," Will chanted to himself as he climbed into his car. He was going to be late.

Chapter End Notes

FUCKING WILL CANT DO SHIT NOT EVEN COME TO HIS DATE ON TIME GODDAMN

dang diggity

Chapter Summary

Ayy they start their lil date<3

Chapter Notes

sorry again for the errors im lazy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal was in pure bliss. His darling accepting his dinner invitation had been more than worth his enthusiasm and he was practically skipping in his step as he strolled out of his Bentley and into his elegant home. Soon he'd be in a heated conversation with his beloved and the thought earned Hannibal a content smile.

Hannibal nodded to himself in delight as he paced through his home towards his meat packed basement. He slipped his hands into medical gloves before he strode up to the large freezer standing isolated behind a spotless metal table. Hannibal yanked open the solid doors, revealing layers upon layers of organs. He thumbed at the handle, eyes swiping along labels until he found exactly what he was looking for.

"Ah Jonas, there you are," Hannibal hummed as he extracted the pair of lungs.

The plastic covered organs which laid heavily against Hannibals hands remained the only remanence of Jonas in his home. The heart and kidney had unfortunately been wasted, having already gotten cooked and sent to Will. In all honesty, sending the organs to Will should've been a lot more frightening to Hannibal, Will could've easily sent them to the FBI and used them against him, but he wasn't. Hannibal was confident his lover was still confused and wouldn't risk the unpredictable outcomes of bringing the evidence up to the police. That truth became even more apparent after today's events in Jack's office, Will's dubbed title of 'unstable FBI consultant' being convenient enough for the police to assume Will could've been behind the murder. The squish of Jonas' lungs clenched inside his palms reminded Hannibal of the afternoon, a grin appearing as he felt a satisfaction return to his stomach at the memory.

He and Jack had sat observing Will, but although Jack only waited idly, Hannibal was basking in the performance. Watching Will being drenched in disarray as he envisioned Hannibal killing Jonas was a spectacle he wouldn't miss for the world. The way Will twisted in his chair as his brain throbbed and his forehead beaded with sweat practically *screamed*

beauty. Will was seeing Hannibal and the acknowledgement cued a warmth in his throat. A small purr had escaped Hannibal's lips and he quickly turned to his fellow audience member to see if the man had noticed the noise. Jack had not. In fact, he was not even paying attention to Will anymore and his fingers tapped impatiently as he stared a hole into the clock above the door. Hannibal almost felt sympathetic towards the man for his inability to appreciate the sight. Although, Hannibal couldn't really blame Jack for not realizing Will's loveliness when Will suddenly hunched over and vomited on Jack's carpet. The act had been sudden and Hannibal would've been insulted if not for the curiosity that shoon through Will's expression as he gulped another mouthful of puke. Will's reaction to seeing Hannibal didn't mean he disliked the man, but just proved Will's body could not handle whatever emotion was stirring at the realization. Hannibal was probably reaching but the fact that he could cause such disruption to his lovers sanity was quite humbling.

Hannibal inhaled, the meat still resting solidly atop his hands. As he began to exhale, the movement was interrupted by a sharp buzz beneath his pocket. The plastic around the lungs which clung to his gloves rustled as he placed the organ onto the metal table. Hannibal slipped off the gloves, a little agitated that his thoughts of Will were being interrupted, and yanked the device out of his pocket. His harsh features softened as he realized it was Will who had texted him. He read the bright text with a hint of glee in his inner dialogue.

W: For dinner, lets meet at the diner three blocks down from the academy.

Hannibal puffed out a gentle chuckle. Out of all the restaurants Will could've chosen, he picked one with the most unsophisticated atmosphere Hannibal had ever experienced. Hannibal was unsatisfied and knew his diet would suffer but the act of rebellion was anything besides unwanted. He knew it was more playful than vicious on Will's part.

H: Certainly. See you there, Will.

He shoved his phone deeply back into his pocket, lifting his hands back to the lungs pressed his table. It was a shame he wouldn't be able to cook for Will tonight and he'd have to resort to eating something from an unknown chef. If Hannibal truly wanted to, he could've bribed the waiter into bringing his cooked meat to the table, masquerading it as something the diner had produced. The idea was undoubtedly tempting, but he wanted tonight to be completely honest. The two men would have a lot to discuss and bringing another lie into the scenario would only serve as a distraction. He was sure he'd sugarcoat a few necessary details, but he knew that Will wanted a blunt and sincere conclusion to where they were going. Hannibal would give him that.

Hannibal yanked the body part back into his arms and started towards his kitchen. He had a few hours before dinner with Will and he planned on spending it carefully. The lungs needed to be cooked before they'd rot and they were already edging at the end of their shelf life. Hannibal pulled the fatty organs out of their blood coated sack, being sure to carefully dispose the plastic later. He cleaned the crevices and prepared them to be cooked.

Hannibal didn't know just yet who was going to eat this meal; he had considered Alana or Jack, but both of those companions would require a long thorough talk which Hannibal frankly didn't have time for. His default idea was heading towards Will's house and slipping the meat into the dog bowls. It was an appealing thought at first glance. The evidence would

be gone and Will wouldn't have to feed his pups. But It would be difficult to hide his presence from the hyper animals and being possibly discovered sneaking around by his lover was a risky thought. He concluded to avoid the idea and reluctantly chose to scrap the food in the trash. If anyone found it, they'd assume it was just a failed cooking attempt and though that hurt the cannibals dignity, it'd do. Hannibal soon finished, an elegant plate lying beneath a tender steak being the final product. He frowned as he dumped the cut of meat into the garbage and fled the kitchen in his fancy suit.

His low spirits were quickly resolved though once he glanced at the clock, seeing it was nearing time for his date to begin. Hannibal flushed under his calm composure and headed into his Bentley, once again setting out on the road.

When Will finally arrived, it was 8:32pm and Hannibal had been waiting for around an hour.

Will shoved himself through the diners doors and he would've been ashamed of his appearance if not for the anxiety bubbling up in his stomach. Will worried Hannibal might've left already and as much as he mulled over the dinner, missing it would've left him in shambles. He traced through each booth until a wave of relief struck him when he noticed Hannibal's burgundy eyes peering from a corner table. He shuffled over to the man, noticing two waters placed nonchalantly against the table, pre-ordered by Hannibal and Will was quick to reach the side of the booth opposite of Hannibal. As he sat down, he felt the psychiatrist piercing bullets through his body. The gaze wasn't hateful, but it was passionate enough to leave Will even further muddled than he was from being late.

"I'm really sorry I'm late," He huffed out as soon as his breath calmed enough to speak. "I lost track of time." Will avoided Hannibal's eyes, unsure of the reaction he'd bring from his late arrival, and instead stared apologetically into Hannibal's tie. But Will soon had to push down a chuckle that arose in his throat after noticing the 3 piece suit Hannibal was wearing from the afternoon. He wasn't really surprised Hannibal would still be as formal as ever even in a diner. Before Will could catch his tongue, he slipped out, "Do you even own anything besides suits?"

Hannibal seemed to not mind the nagging comment and smiled lightly before teasing, "There's nothing quite as satisfying as dressing in a well tailored suit."

"I highly doubt something as restricting as a 3 piece suit is 'satisfying', Dr. Lecter." Will reached for his menu, hiding his embarrassed face after realizing he had just called Hannibal, Dr. Lecter. It wasn't that he hadn't used the title before, but referring to the man as such now seemed almost indecent. He had masturbated to Hannibal and the attempt to maintain a psychiatrist/patient etiquette was cringeworthy on his part.

"To each their own," Hannibal hummed before tapping gently against Will's menu. "There's no need to hide Will. I wont bite."

Will's flush drifted quickly, his emotions more focused on controlling the disbelief bubbling in his eyes. He lowered the menu barrier he had created before dryly replying, "Are you- Did you seriously just made a cannibal pun?"

Hannibal grinned, flashing his canines as he rested his hands back against the table. Will felt his heart scream at the sight and he clawed the booth eagerly. Hannibal had done the same exact motion in his fantasy, displaying his teeth with a undeniable dominance. The accuracy of his imagination which had envisioned this just hours before the dinner was astonishing. His toes no longer curled against their soles and were resting compliantly as he gazed into his partners almost maroon eyes. Will internally praised himself for the spot on prediction and a smile drifted onto his features as he picked up his water for a long well deserved drink. Hannibal wasn't sure what brought on Will's new-found happiness, but he did little to hide his pride at causing it. There was a shift in the atmosphere, both men sitting a little higher in their seats, egos elevated. They were both feeling bold, pupils dilating as each prepared to state their requests. Hannibal smirked cunningly before his lips parted, deciding this stance in equality was a perfect time to address his beloved.

"What would you like to discuss Will? I know a lot has been weighing on your mind and I'm sure you have questions," Hannibal asked.

Will swallowed harshly, the water somehow becoming thick as it trailed down his throat.

"Okay, um," He mumbled, mind not necessarily sure which of his million questions he was willing to voice first. "How about we start with why you let me go."

Hannibal's mouth perked, hardly hesitating before answering, "I only intended to keep you for a day." The man tried to imply that he had finished answering by nodding but Will wasn't impressed, leaning back further in his seat with a critical eyebrow raised. Hannibal returned the cocked brow and exhaled a surrendering sigh before continuing, "The night we spent together was designed to be an introduction to my lifestyle rather than a ongoing abduction. Keeping you any longer would've been intruding on your freedom as a human being."

Will's mouth wavered as he contemplated between speaking or remaining silent.

"And you don't think drugging me intruded my freedom? Isn't that a bit contradicting?"

"I believe I'd do whatever is deemed necessary if I felt it'd help you, regardless of how that reshaped my morals. But beyond that, I'd never cage your valued independence," Hannibal commented, earning a groan from Will.

"As if I can trust you," Will scoffed with a hint of anger beneath his blue eyes. "I mean, you pretended to be my friend for a year, manipulated me during our discussions and now- now you have the audacity to expect a relationship from me?" The accusation which was left unvoiced now became apparent, each male understanding where this conversation was heading.

Suddenly, Will felt Hannibal's warm fingers trail along his wrist, a slight flinch from within himself signaling his vision towards the rugged hand. Will felt like pulling away and almost attempted to, but found himself lured too far into the psychiatrists touch to yank away.

"Will," Hannibal whispered with his hand still twisted around Will's. "Are you really so opposed to the idea of us becoming lovers?" The question was spoken with a seductive undertone and a clear implication which suggested he had already received an answer. Will nearly choked as he watched his ring finger being intimately caressed and inaudibly puffed out a shallow breath. He did want a relationship with Hannibal, needed one, but was it worth all the trouble it'd cause on his morals and conscious? That remained Will's only internal conflict towards the situation and if he was being brutally honest, the consequences were becoming more and more irrelevant as Hannibal worked his charm.

"I'd have to be unstable to *want* to date The Chesapeake Ripper though, wouldn't I," Will muttered hoarsely and he felt his cheeks fill with a deep red as Hannibal leaned closer in response. The cannibal's pink tongue peeked out of his mouth, wetting his purked lips until they glistened upon the diner's light.

Hannibal's lips slid open, slyly revealing his sharp teeth as he hissed through a heavy accent,*"But don't you?"*

Will shivered, his elf-like ears burning brightly at the vibrations. He coughed awkwardly to cover up his embarrassment and tried to crawl his now clammy hand out of Hannibal's tight embrace. Will was desperate for some deeply needed personal space which had disappeared when Hannibal leaned in. Hannibal obliged, releasing his masculine hand and returning to his normal posture. Will relaxed at the action, his stiffened spine no longer feeling pressure. Hannibal eyed Will patiently, expecting the man to respond now that he had been allowed time to adjust. Will wasn't entirely willing to oblige like Hannibal had been and he kept his eyes focused absently on a patch of tile patterned to the floor.

However, Hannibal wasn't going to wait any longer. The cannibal's broad shoulders hovered above Will once again, instead leaning this time with a threatening intimidation Will had forgotten resided in the man. Will's pupils flickered towards the maroon ones peering down at him and inside the sharp red daggers he read, *answer me.*

"Okay," was all Will could muster out against the vacant glare.

The answer seemed to be enough to humor Hannibal because the stare he had originally pressed into Will slowly faded back into a neutral expression. Hannibal's pursed lips began to press out another long explanation, but before he could continue their conversation, a rude and unwanted waitress arrived.

Chapter End Notes

HELP I WANNA MAKE THEIR WAITRESS SO BITCHY YALL DONT EVEN KNOW

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

AY THE BAES R EVOLVING
btw i still dont know whats going on LOL im just writing and if it works it works we got this mmm
btw sorry for the mistakes i dont have time to fix them right now

The waitress approached their booth, her heels clacking messily against the tile as she shuffled to her destination. Will's eyes flickered upwards at the tall brunette woman nearing and almost instantly, he felt his body tense. This female, with her awkward heels, just so happened to be one of the worst waitresses Will had ever encountered and he dreaded the second she'd open her mouth more and more with each step she took. The dread wasn't felt because of any hatred for her though, Will personally didn't dislike her.

He could empathize how a job working with obnoxious customers every hour of everyday had to take a toll on one's personality so usually he didn't feel any disdain for the woman. But this case was different, he was worried. Worried for her. He knew Hannibal wouldn't be so understanding of the woman's rudeness. In fact, Will could even imagine, with her level of attitude, Hannibal would possibly try to kill her.

When the woman finally stepped up to their table, Will glanced over at the man across from him, pausing once realizing the subtle shift in Hannibal's expression from before the woman had arrived. Hannibal had apparently snuck on one of his many masks before Will could even catch the motion. But although the cannibal was sealed off, Will could sense his growing displeasure at Amber's appearance. There was an undeniable aspect of danger rising in the air due to her and despite their waitress' ignorance to it, the two men could clearly sense each other's disrupted emotions.

Will's heart only banged further in his chest when she eventually opened her lipstick coated mouth and said,

"Hello. My name is Amber." She practically sighed out the statement. "Are you ready to order?"

The question was almost spoken in a fashion that resembled lines in a script and Will nodded but quickly noticed that the "you," hadn't been directed at him. Amber motioned impatiently at Hannibal which produced a barely noticeable twitch from the psychiatrist.

A forced smile twisted its way onto Hannibal's face and he began reciting his meal with a hint of disgust, as if the words themselves were already tainting his carefully chosen palette. He had ordered the most sophisticated thing on the menu, which in reality, wasn't very

sophisticated at all. The meal he had chosen was a steak with roasted vegetables and if the diners other dishes were anything to go off of, Hannibal would soon be eating raw potatoes. Will would've laughed at Hannibal's obviously displeased expression, but as Amber scribbled the words down carelessly, he felt his still present panic for the woman's survival remove his humor.

After Amber finished writing, she blinked over towards Will. She tilted her head towards him, implying that it was his turn now and the annoyed motion made Will feel like a child. He tried to ignore the degradation, but it was obvious Hannibal wasn't going to let it slide with the way he raised an eyebrow at the woman.

Will swallowed his spit harshly and tried to turn Hannibal's attention away from Amber as he he yanked open his menu to order a hamburger with fries, much to the scrutiny of the psychiatrist. Unexpectedly, their waitress swooped up their menus and gestured a voiceless "thank you." Will was a bit tense after ordering but the feeling faded when Amber exposed an almost sincere smile. While she was probably just glad her shift was ending and that caused her more gentle behavior now, Will took it as an argument to keep her alive when Hannibal would soon address it.

Amber lazily trucked away, her clunky shoes fading into silence as she reentered the diners kitchen. Right when her presence was no longer acknowledgable, Hannibal's mouth yanked open.

"How dare-"

"Don't kill her," Will interrupted without hesitation.

He knew it was rude, but he couldn't find the effort to care. However, It didn't really matter. Hannibal certainly didn't appreciate Will's impolite conduct but he wasn't one to mind the snappy responses. It revealed more of him to Hannibal and if anything, it was attractive to know Will couldn't control his tongue.

"If you kill her," Will paused, his lungs desperately yanking in air before continuing, "I will never let us evolve into lovers and hell- I won't even agree to being enemies. We will be nothing and the *we* you so desperately nurtured between us will become nonexistent." It was a lie, but one he forced himself to believe to keep his resolve. As Will clenched his hands furthur into the diners cushion though he knew the lie he so carefully spoke was revealing itself slightly.

Will shuddered down a sigh and straightened his spine, making him appear to be unwavering. There was absolutely no way Will was going to let an innocent waitress lose her life just because he couldn't control the cannibalistic serial killer he had practically wedded just seconds ago. Will already had enough guilt for being guiltless, as weird as that was, and another dead body would only cause more pain in his already scarred heart.

Hannibal visibly stiffened at the warning, his typically calm eyes flashing a bright signal of unease as he swallowed roughly. His lips pursued in an unsatisfied manner and the cannibal contemplated what to do.

“You know I won't allow that to happen Will,” Hannibal muttered possessively in a borderline pouty and immature tone.

“Then don’t kill her,” Will repeated. It was such a simple request that to anyone else, the negotiation wouldn't take beyond a second for them to come to an agreement. Nevertheless, with Hannibal, nothing was ever easy and maybe that's what made their relationship so addicting. It was a challenge, but a challenge each of them was willing to endure to be understood.

Silence emmenced between the two and Wills empathy made him unable to get frustrated at Hannibal’s hesitation. It was a difficult change for Hannibal and while Will knew it wasn't like he was asking the cannibal to give up killing people, although that was definitely something in his playing cards, it was still a lengthy request. Hannibal had surely killed and eaten every single rude person he’d ever encountered and changing that system for one scruffy FBI consultant certainly had to create a pause in the psychiatrist.

When Hannibal's mouth finally smoothed into a smile, Will knew some resolve had been made.

"Let us make a deal then." Hannibal nodded slyly and Will could feel his palms clamming.

"What do you propose?"

"I wont kill this irrelevant waitress who has essentially no place in your heart and in turn, you must agree to come live with me." Hannibal grinned.

Will grunted disapprovingly before he scoffed.

"Are you kidding me," he said, furrowing his eyebrows. "How the fuck is that fair? I mean, even if you don't kill her, you'll kill someone else. And living with you? Don't get me started Hannibal." Will shifted in his seat, a bit offended that Hannibal would suggest such an unfair arrangement. "For a manipulative psychiatrist you're terrible at negotiations."

Hannibal showed no anger at the comments and began circling his fingers around his napkin.

"Will you know my hobbies are not debatable. It's either you agree and live a comfortably domestic life with a loving husband until you pass while she continues living," Hannibal said, fluttering his heavy eyelids. "Or instead, I kill her and you spend the rest of your life mourning over what time you took away from our precious *Amber*."

Will glared, knowing Hannibal had only used her name in order to strike at his heart strings.

"Don't seriously blackmail me right now," Will said as he sighed into his palms. "This is even worse than your fucking psychoanalyzing."

He relaxed his knees against the booth, mind throbbing at the obvious cornering Hannibal had pressed onto him. As Will thought, he considered just letting Amber die. With where they were going, anything would be better than enforcing a life long relationship with The Chesapeake Ripper, but in that moment, a bulb struck in Will's head.

Will could agree, spend time with Hannibal and hopefully push his interests away from murder and cannibalism, but even if that wouldn't work, he'd have every day for the rest of his life to plan a way to incarcerate the man. Sure it wasn't at all ideal, but no one would die in the meantime.

Hannibal noticed the obvious perk in Will's ears and smiled in a way which revealed his sharp teeth.

"What will it be then?"

Will hesitated but then pressed his palms calmly against the diners patterned tablecloth.

"Deal."

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

will moves in with hannibAL WINK WINK and anxiety ensues

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The rest of the dinner was spent in almost complete silence, both men thinking furiously of how they'd work out their new living conditions. It was obvious that Hannibal was pleased with how the night had gone, but that definitely wasn't the case for Will. He was swimming in fear and disgust as he ate.

Despite that though, they both finished their meals.

After the two were done eating, they split the bill and Will awkwardly attempted to leave. He had planned to go home and sleep on his future but evidently Hannibal had other ideas. The cannibal made him hurry home to pack up his stuff and then arrive at Hannibal's house 30 minutes later. Hannibal wasn't going to give Will any time to rethink his decisions which left him a scrambled mess as he arrived at their designation.

The second Will stepped into Hannibal's home, all he could feel was regret.

He had been kidnapped, drugged, and restrained in this place, but nonetheless, here he was.

Will knew he should've thought about this more, figured out a different way to keep Amber alive without risking his whole lifestyle like he had done now, but it was too late. Hannibal wasn't the kind of man to undo deals, especially in a case where he got exactly what he wanted. Will understood the damage had already been done as he glanced back at Hannibal who was eagerly encouraging him to empty the duffel bag hanging from his hand. The bag was conveniently Will's only luggage.

He left most of his items in his "old" home since he had been lucky enough to convince Hannibal into making the new living arrangement far more informal than actually eloping. Will was allowed this only because he mentioned that he would have nowhere to go if Hannibal was *doing something* and while Hannibal eventually did want Will to participate in killing, he wanted it to be consensual.

So now, his isolated home in Wolf Trap was, in Hannibal's words, "to be simply used as a second house, a default space."

Will cringed when Hannibal had said that because it made him realize that the he had underestimated the effects of their deal. At the time, Will only cared about Amber's survival which was definitely the worst thing he's ever done. Him not thinking about the magnitude of this change, the way it'd completely make him dependent on Hannibal, caused a nausea to cloud his mind.

He cursed himself, realizing how spontaneous he'd been and now he was paying the price for his mindless agreement.

Will's fingers clenched against the duffel bags straps, trying to not groan at himself in disgust. He attempted to swallow it down, but by the way Hannibal moved closer proved he didn't hide it well enough.

Hannibal gently caressed Will's tightened hand, unraveling his fingertips from the strap of the bag. It was strangely soothing to Will and though he knew the reason he felt so comforted from the contact was because of Hannibal's manipulation, he felt his nerves settle.

At least there was one benefit of living with Hannibal; he'd have the man he's in love with being a short walk away from him at all times.

Will's heart burned with warmth from the tender touch and if Hannibal had leaned in for a kiss, he certainly wouldn't have resisted. But instead, Hannibal retreated with a grin, taking the duffel bag with him. The motion produced a disappointed huff from Will as he watched the psychiatrist maneuver past him and shuffle into the elegant kitchen. Hannibal rested the bag upon a counter and began removing a few mugs from its content.

Will dazily followed Hannibal into the kitchen, joining him in the chore of reorganizing the man's fancy wine glasses to make room for Will's mugs. Will clumsily lifted his coffee cups into a small slot and groaned a little as he stretched in order to push the mugs furthur back. Hannibal hummed approvingly as he watched his lover so willingly participate in the duty and he let his masculine fingers "accidentally" tap against Will's. This produced a flinch from the scruffy man but he clumsily slipped his palm away from a coffee mug and into Hannibal's grasp. Will's head was spinning with emotions, however the heat he felt in his grasp overwhelmed every doubt.

All of a sudden loud barks separated the two, interrupting their romantic moment.

What looked like dozens of dogs flooded themselves into Hannibal's living room, producing a twitch to appear on the man's face. Will chuckled and instantly knelt down, rubbing the back of his hands against as many of the dogs face as he could find.

"They're allowed in the kitchen right now, but I must insist they spend their nights outside," Hannibal said with a slightly present sternness. However, the man really didn't even want the dogs in his yard. The only reason he was keeping them was for Will's comfort because,

though he enjoyed Will's disarrayed state, he also found a pleasantly spoiled Will to be equally as satisfying.

"Okay," Will compliantly responded. He knew Hannibal was already testing his limits by allowing them even in the kitchen so he tried not to push his luck.

Will clung to the dogs like a security blanket while Hannibal finished organizing their cups. The man then reached into Will's bag and yanked out his flannels with a judgemental eye. Will caught the prissy glance and glared in response.

"They're not that bad," Will said as he stood up and yanked the scruffy clothes into his arms.

Hannibal raised a brow to that, not needing to comment in order to show the conversation wasn't worth having.

Will ignored the motion and snapped.

"Well, would you rather have me naked because I'm not going to wear any of your snobby cloth-," He cut himself off as a flush spread to his cheeks. "Sorry, don't answer that," Will groaned out, his eyes staring ashamed into Hannibal's rug. He couldn't believe he'd just brought up being naked around a man who spent the past month courting him. Will's head burned with embarrassment, his fingers pressing into the fabric of his flannel shirts.

Hannibal nodded with a vibrant smile crossing his face, though Will was too far into his thoughts to notice.

"Follow me," Hannibal said, forcing Will to face him. The cannibal then traveled upstairs and towards an open door at the end of the hall.

Will quickly trudged behind Hannibal, looking around at the many rooms they were passing on their way down a long hallway. He had been in Hannibal's house before but if he was being honest, most of it was a blur considering Hannibal hadn't really given him any time to relax. All the rooms he thought he knew seemed so far and distant from his memory which made the walk felt like a completely new experience. Will wondered if he'd ever fully explore this large house with its endless openings and hidden secrets, but he knew he'd have to eventually. If Will ever truly wanted to catch Hannibal, he'd have to find every piece of evidence he could within the home. He even wondered if he could find one of the drawings he'd seen in Hannibal's office and use that, but he began to feel hopeless as he continued the thought.

Would Hannibal really leave such obvious clues of his title of The Chesapeake Ripper around for Will to find? Did he really trust him that much? Will felt intimidated for a moment, considering that if someone as cautious as Hannibal would allow evidence to be shown so easily, he must be 100% convinced Will would never betray him.

The idea made Will's confidence in his sabotage plan disappear in seconds as he began to doubt himself. If Hannibal was so sure that he wouldn't betray, was Will just unable to see how much he wanted to stay with the man?

Will swallowed warily and thought, *he's obviously wrong then.*

If Hannibal believed that an FBI consultant wouldn't try to catch him even after their growing attraction, he was delusional. Murder was not something Will could overlook and he felt almost disappointed in the cannibal's arrogance as he began to walk with a bit of irritation.

But irritation soon became replaced with fear as they passed a tightly sealed door that seemed to lead down into a basement. He hadn't seen it during his kidnapping and the sight of this new door made his heart throb. If there was any room in the house that seemed suitable for Hannibal to kill in, this one was definitely it. It practically reeked of death at its hinges with its dark atmosphere and heavy lock.

Will tried to stay focused on Hannibal's guidance in front of him but he found himself staggering as flashes of crime scenes entered his mind.

There were undoubtedly a plentiful of victims killed beyond that door, many bodies eaten and stored that the police never found. Victims which were brutally displayed, their bodies twisting in poses Will never even knew were achievable despite how flexible mutilation changes the human body. It's a wonder Hannibal's never been caught with how cruelly he's murdered, how emotionlessly hes ripped people of their lives. All of that begun in this house, behind this door. In this basement, Hannibal's clinical fingers must've wrapped themselves around an endless amount of organs with his body count. His ears must've heard every scream, every beg and his fingers must've felt every flinch, every gush of fluids. His eyes would fill with happiness as they cried and whimpered for mercy, completely powerless against their captor, and there must be so much blood down there. *So much blood in that basement.* Will felt a wetness on his hands and peered down at his sticky fingers. But they didn't look like his, they looked like Hannibals. Masculine palms stared back at him, veins protruding under a thick coat of blood. He separated his fingers, feeling the way the redness clung to his skin, to his nerves. A dryness approached in the back of Will's throat and he could hardly contain himself before he pressed the blood soaked knuckles across his lips. Will moaned softly as he welcomed the coppery taste coating his mouth and the touch felt so surreal, but in a way, wanted. It felt right and he felt- he felt *beautiful.*

"Will," Hannibal said quietly, his gaze filled with concern and affection. Hands were pressed onto Will's cheeks, grounding him back to Earth.

Will's eyes welled with tears as he choked down a sob which caused Hannibal's expression to flare with panic. Hannibal didn't know what started this sudden breakdown and that made him feel helpless as he watched his lover unravel in the middle of the hall. Will was overwhelmed with emotion even as he leaned into the strong hands groping at his forehead, checking for a fever. He gazed into maroon circles which dilated once meeting his own blue eyes. Will blinked quickly, flushing out the tears gushing from his ducts and spun to face the door he had been thinking about. He swallowed all of his confusion abruptly and motioned towards the lock

"Show me your basement," Will coughed out roughly.

Hannibal was stunned, his fingers stopping their fond rub against Will's cheek in order to process the request. Once understanding, he smiled contently before responding reluctantly,

"I'm afraid that'll have to wait for another day, my dear. It's time to rest now." Hannibal did want to show Will; he wanted to show Will everything, but in due time. Right now, Will was a beautiful tragedy, eyes red with curiosity and hair matted with sweat. Hannibal wasn't going to risk destroying Will on the first night of their companionship, it'd be poor judgement on his part. His lover would eventually come to understand him, but it was a marathon, not a sprint. Jack had already proved how awful pushing Will could be and Hannibal wasn't going to repeat that mistake.

Will pouted, his fingers gripping on Hannibal's dress shirt.

"Hannibal please," he mumbled desperately. If Will's head was clear, he would've forced down his curiosity, knowing it would ruin him, but now he was too far in to back out. *He needed to see.*

Hannibal clenched his fingers and though It was becoming harder and harder to resist, he wasn't giving up his resolve.

"No, Will," Hannibal said, licking his lips to push down his almost uncontrollable happiness. Another groan slid from Will's mouth, the noise making Hannibal shudder in joy. His arousal at the scruffy mess in front of him was beginning to be unignorable. They needed to end this now.

Will frowned as Hannibal ignored his protests and guided him towards the bedroom they were originally walking too.

Immediately, Will thought the room was the one he slept in during his abduction, but as he peered inside, this one was much bigger. It was a dimly lit decorated area, just like most of the house, with a large king sized bed resting in the center. The air was filled with a gentle lavender scent that instantly calmed anyone who came in. Will paused as he stared towards the sheets that looked freshly made with their neatly folded position. He felt surprisingly calm even after his outburst but the sensation didn't last long once realizing that this must be Hannibal's master bedroom.

"Are you going to sleep in this room with me," Will said, his anxiety growing.

Hannibal's lids popped up before responding, "No, not tonight."

"Not tonight?" Will questioned.

"I can assure you we will sleep together one day, but no, not tonight," Hannibal repeated before closing the door behind him, leaving Will alone.

The statement made Will swallow harshly but he just continued to walk towards the bed. He'd worry about that promise later because right now, he was utterly exhausted. Will yanked back the sheets before pulling off his shoes and laying down into the mattress practically fully clothed.

Almosts seconds after Will's head hit his pillow, he was asleep.

Chapter End Notes

ay i was gonna have them have their first kiss this chapter but AY SOMETIMES THINGS DONT WORK OUT AS PLANNED so itll be next chapter

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

ay nice hannibal bein all domestic

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Seconds after Hannibal had closed the door, his body slammed abruptly against a nearby wall. His pulse was practically booming out of his neck, heart beating just as rapidly as Will's had been moments ago. Apparently, just hearing the words, "show me," slip from Will's lips was enough to make him shudder. Hannibal didn't expect Will's curiosity to cause such a rise in his emotions, but now that it had, he was practically drowning in love.

He sighed harshly, moving his wavering hand up onto his chest while mouthing an inaudible, *calm down.* Hannibal still had a lot of preparation to do before Will woke and his uneasing excitement was putting quite a dent in his plans. He frowned, deciding to ignore the hurried heartbeat banging in his body and yanked himself off the wall. Forcing himself to disregard the gentle purrs coming from his own master bedroom, Hannibal urged his feet to move.

Hannibal's heavy steps echoed into his kitchen as he walked downstairs, the noise making the dogs he had forgotten preoccupied his home, stirr. They panted violently, wondering where their loving master had disappeared to. A few of them trailed around him, nudging their wet snouts against the back of his hands, but Hannibal refused to touch them.

He had no intention of dirtying the palms he had just caressed Will's face with just for a few needy mutts. But he caved soon, their whines seeming to never end. Hannibal stroked their fur reluctantly, counting the seconds needed in order to calm each dog enough for them to go outside. They responded with satisfied vibrations that allowed Hannibal to guide them into his back yard. He watched each bouncy tail wander into the grass, feeling a sense of relief every moment another dog was out of his home. His relief kept coming and coming though, new dogs appearing out of random crevices and following their friends outside.

Hannibal's eyes widened as he realized Will had a total of seven dogs, which was far smaller than the number he thought he'd seen earlier. It wasn't really his fault though, trying to count constantly running hyper animals wasn't easy. Nevertheless, Hannibal was glad. seven dogs seemed a lot more containable now that he'd put a number on it. However, Will was still out of control with his dog frenzy. Will's empathy really burdened him in cases like this, making him unable to reject a stray dog despite how many he'd already owned. But it was kind of adorable to Hannibal and he could easily imagine his lovers precious fingers helping an animal that resembled himself all too closely.

Yet, in other cases it was extremely bothersome. Case in point: Amber.

Will's empathy had strung him along so tightly that he'd even allowed her to become *something* to him. It was momentarily infuriating for Hannibal, but after making the deal that benefitted him more than their waitress, the feeling faded. The second Will's face twisted in consideration of letting her die, Hannibal knew she was no competitor. Regardless of how strong Will fought for their waitress, in reality he didn't care about her life at all. Hannibal could see that clear as day.

The man only insisted on her survival to further hide the part of him that humored murder. Will was clearly in denial about it, but with some helpful guidance, he'd be able to understand. And after tonight it was clear Will had already begun to do just that. Hannibal smiled widely at the reminder and closed the backdoor after one of Will's slowest dog had waddled outside.

He quickly traveled back upstairs while humming, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," by Mozart. But as he neared the bedroom door, Hannibal's voice faded because beneath his own noises, were soft drowsy moans. Hannibal's heart rate rose at the very sound of Will's deep puffs and he pressed his ear against the door to indulge in the symphony. There was nothing more satisfying than knowing his darling was beyond this door, twisted deeply into his bedsheets and releasing pleased murmurs.

Hannibal palmed the handle of the door while opening it, attempting to remain as quiet as possible to not wake his lover. He'd never had Will so relaxed in his home and he intended to enjoy the sight. Hannibal pushed his body inside and he felt his heart skip a beat because it was everything he'd hoped it'd be.

The dim light from the room's corner lamp fully illuminated Will's face and his features seemed so gentle compared to the distress state he'd been in. Will was sprawled in the originally neat sheets, his fully clothed body having hiked up his collared shirt to reveal a flushed stomach. His toes clenched against the sheets, clumping up the fabric with every movement, while his curls rested upon the center of two pillows, a hand tucked under each.

Will looked absolutely stunning and he drank the sight like a fine champagne.

Hannibal walked slowly against the room's carpet, moving towards the occupied bed. He stared down at Will, noticing little motions like the way his lids fluttered violently and how his chest protruded with every inhale. And each passing second seemed like a dream the more Hannibal observed.

He found himself unconsciously leaning towards Will, only noticing their proximity when the man abruptly touched his already hiked up shirt. Will groaned, trying to get the fabric off his perked nipples and Hannibal obliged as he carefully guided Will's body up against the headboard.

He began undressing the man, attempting to convince himself stripping Will was just for the sake of him being more comfortable rather than his own curiosity.

Hannibal yanked down Will's pants, watching the way the fabric slid past his hip bones. Blue boxers appeared from under the rough black pants and their elastic hem puckered near Will's crotch. The pants slid off with a bit of resistance from his lover, but once they were off Will practically purred in happiness. Hannibal smiled at the noise and continued undressing him, moving up to his jacket and sweater until the man laid against the bed in only his underwear.

The clothes had been thrown on the floor in a rather cluttered way due to Hannibal's impatience and as he bent over to carry the items away, a mechanical buzz caught his attention. He pulled apart the bundle, finding that the source came from Will's pants. The pocket vibrated harshly under his hand and Hannibal frowned as he pulled the bright phone out of the fabric.

Jacks obnoxious name lit up against the screen and if the detective had been in the room Hannibal would've cut his throat at the interruption. Jack had no business calling or texting Will after the way he so rudely treated him. And why was the detective mad at his lover for puking when the reason he puked was because of Jack? It bothered Hannibal to no end and he could feel his knuckles whitening as he clenched the phone.

The buzzing seized after a while, but new messages flooded onto the screen. Jack was texting Will nonstops, the messages varying from a simple, "Where the fuck are you," to, "We need to talk about the case."

Hannibal sighed, considering answering the comments just to make Jack shut up or turning off the device all together.

He opted to answer them; It'd help him in the long run anyways because Hannibal needed his back cleared so that once Will accepted him, they could live peacefully without cops constantly wondering, "Why did our best consultant suddenly change his mind?" Hannibal would plant the beginning seeds of his innocence through these texts so Jack wouldn't suspect that Will could be lying in the future when he openly declared the lie, "Hannibal isn't The Ripper." After all, it wouldn't make sense to Jack if Will one day just abruptly decided Hannibal wasn't The Ripper so he'd have to ease into it. Hannibal truly doubted it'd be difficult though considering Jack had already disagreed with Will and decided to ignore his accusations. Hell, Jack might even rub his misguided victory in Will's face, it wasn't beneath the man.

Hannibal responded after looking at their previous texts, trying to notice Will's texting patterns so he'd resemble his lover while answering.

W: We can talk later. I'm busy

J: I went to your house but you're not there? Where are you???

W: I'm at Hannibal's, we had dinner and things kinda happened...

J: The fuck? Kinda happened?? Didn't you think he was The Ripper just hours ago????

W: Im starting to doubt it now. After talking to him, pieces I originally thought stuck together aren't working anymore.

J: Like what?

W: Well for starters, The Ripper would've killed Jonas a lot more intricately.

J: I thought you said that was because it was rushed.

W: I only thought it was rushed because I was positive it was The Ripper. The Ripper would only kill so minimalistically if he didn't have enough time. But now I don't think it was The Ripper at all, which makes the idea of it being rushed make no sense. The killer wasn't The Ripper. It was someone who just so happened to kill at the same time of The Ripper's pattern and made us think it was definitely him. We technically played ourselves.

Hannibal swallowed sadly after each sentence. It was hard to resculpt Jonas' death into an amaetur kill and it hurt just typing the words. He definitely did kill Jonas in a rush, which was exactly what Will had understood, but he would never claim it was "minimalistic." Reorganizing the truth was entirely insulting to Hannibal, but in that moment he could only pray Jack's stupidity would be in his favor.

J: Okay that makes sense, but that's just proving that Jonas' killer wasn't The Ripper, not that Hannibal isn't The Ripper.

W: That's the thing. When me and Hannibal talked about the case, he had absolutely no clue The Ripper didn't kill Jonas. If he was The Ripper, wouldn't he be offended for misinterpreting the sloppy kill as his and putting his title on it?

J: You're right.. So Hannibal isn't The Ripper.

Hannibal sighed in relief and smiled because it had been so easy to change reality with only a few texts. Jack's stupidity really did work in his favor.

W: I'm not completely positive he isnt, but no, I don't think so. To be honest, he's probably just pretending to be him in order to peak my interest and I can't deny it hasn't worked though considering I'm here in his home.

J: I knew he wasn't The Ripper!! Hey, maybe you should listen to me more often. And I really don't need to hear about you guys flirting... I'll talk to you later. Bye.

W: Bye.

Hannibal tucked the screen back into Will's pant pocket after deleting the conversation off of the phone. He grinned a little, knowing that now he was technically cleared and all he had to worry about was convincing Will that his hobbies weren't so bad after all. And once Will was convinced that murder was understandable, he could easily just finish what Hannibal had started and tell the FBI agents he was 100% sure Hannibal wasn't The Ripper. Of course, that couldn't be farther from the truth and both he and Will absolutely knew that, but only they needed to know Hannibal was the cannibalistic serial killer the FBI were desperately hunting for.

Hannibal practically skipped around the room, allowing one last glance at his beautiful darling before leaving with Will's clothes and his head held high. Everything was finally working and he couldn't feel more pleased with the outcome.

Will woke up satisfied, his body relaxed for some odd reason and his skin warm against gentle sheets. His bare chest was pressed into the beds soft mattress and his fingers were wrapped tightly around a pillow. Will felt unusually calm in that moment, his steady heartbeat being a rare occurrence in the mornings which he usually woke up to in utter disarray. He moaned against the fabric beneath him, welcoming the foreign bed that was much nicer compared to his small and tight one in Wolf Trap. Will hummed and reluctantly pulled himself out of the bed, inhaling the lovely lavender that still lingered throughout the bedroom.

The sun was starting to shine through one curtain and Will assumed it must've been at least 8 am considering how the light wasn't that bright yet. He groggily stepped out of the bed, his bare legs feeling a soft chill now that they weren't coated in layers of sheets. Will exhaled harshly once remembering he had gone to bed fully clothed and yet here he was in only his boxers. He did feel embarrassed at the image of Hannibal stripping him, but he wasn't as uncomfortable as he would've thought he'd be at this acknowledgement. It was actually a pleasant way to start his morning and he Will found himself a little baffled at how happy he was with his blushing cheeks and thumping heart.

Will shuffled towards the door, looking around for his clothes that disappeared during the night, but he couldn't seem to find them anywhere. *Hannibal probably took them with him,* he thought as he opened the door and walked down the hallway.

As Will re entered the hallway though, his heart dropped once seeing the enclosed basement entrance slightly open. Will panicked, his warm skin chilling with goose bumps and his stomach tightening at the curiosity that clouded his mind once again.

He glanced around the hall as if he was a child doing something his parents had told him not too just seconds ago. Will stiffened as he approached the door, the temptation to yank open the already small crevice in the door poking at him. He touched the handle, his nausea reappearing even after hours of sleep, and he let out a whimper.

And right when he was ready to see inside, a voice startled him into stopping.

"I thought I told you to wait," Hannibal muttered in disappointment, his voice edging on anger. The cannibal had a tray in his hands, the plate on top of it holding two pancakes and a few sausages. Sausages which were definitely not made of any farm animal, he remembered.

Will stood frozen, feeling as if he'd just been caught preparing to steal something. In Hannibals mind he *did* almost steal something though.

Will had almost deprived Hannibal the performance of his acceptance and that was something Hannibal would have considered stealing.

"You can't expect me to be able to ignore it when it's wide open, practically begging for me to enter," Will murmured, suddenly a lot more aware of his nakedness when Hannibal looked him up and down. He moved his hands from the basements handle to his chest, covering his nipples by crossing his arms.

Hannibal released a deep breath before responding, "Actually, I do expect you to be able to ignore it. You have done just that for so long I'm sure you can wait a bit longer."

Will groaned in disgust, "Why are we waiting so long? Isn't this something you wanted to happen?"

"Yes I do, but you're rushing it Will. You just woke up, you're basically nude, and you haven't even brushed your teeth yet. Darling one step at a time, yes?"

Hannibal released one hand from the tray and ran it up Will's stomach, producing a rough shiver.

"Go get ready and then come downstairs. The bathrooms to the left and I trust that you wont attempt anything until I've allowed it. Right?" He whispered.

"Yeah okay," Will said mockingly before walking back to the bedroom with a deep sigh.

Chapter End Notes

OKAy im sorry i really wanted to have them kiss but LIKE HANNIBAL GOT PISSED SO IT DIDNT GO DOWN
ill just have them kiss next chapter over breakfast damn i suck at preparing kiss scenes sorry y'all

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

KISS TIME YES SONOIINONON

Chapter Notes

this was written rather rapidly but since it is longer than my usual chapters, i hope you can ignore the mistakes (i'm sure there are some)
forgive me <3
i hope you like it~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will paced around the bedroom, his annoyance growing with every step. He didn't understand why Hannibal was resisting now that he was actually interested in the man and the rejection was anything besides acceptable. Was Hannibal planning to make him beg or some stupid egotistical reason like that?

He mumbled harshly, mind searching for any logic behind the new found hesitation.

The cannibal had never delayed before, not when he kidnapped him. Neither had he when he practically attempted to murder Will, or threatened him, so why now? What was different this time?

Will pushed his palms onto his forehead, his curls tapping against the skin. He began to search in a desperate rush, the maze in his head seemingly always finding an answer. It never failed him and the new thought which appeared proved his mind was the only aspect of himself he could trust.

Control. Control was the only difference in this scenario.

Throughout their relationship, Hannibal always led, but last night, Will was leading.

Sure it definitely didn't seem that way when Will practically crumbled in the middle of the hallway with tears in his eyes and imaginary blood on his hands, but it was true. Will was in control.

Him having had an embarrassing large breakdown was nowhere in Hannibal's plans and the

raw concern behind the psychiatrists eyes verified the man was unprepared in every meaning of the word. Hannibal had unknowingly lost his grip on the situation for just a few minutes and that one unauthorized emotional cluster entirely threw their balance for a loop. It left Will the ringleader and Hannibal's dominance lessened drastically.

Will chuckled at the realization, but his jovial attitude disappeared when the ever lasting insecurity he constantly carried pushed into his thoughts.

So now Hannibal was hesitating because that lost control meant Will could end up ruined? Will, who now not even The Chesapeake Ripper could predict? Didn't that imply he himself was some fragile doll that needed nurturing, that he was someone who couldn't even take care of his own fate?

Will felt disturbed and muddled, thoughts colliding with thoughts until he could no long tie what new questions appeared from old answers. He shifted his stance and decided to clarify his findings with himself , ignoring how embarrassing it was he needed to do this in the first place.

Hannibal had only resisted Will's curiosity because he lost control once and could no longer predict him. While Will, on the other hand, felt belittled because Hannibal feared that this shift in dynamics would cause his toy to shut down. Everything seemed cluttered and Will sighed roughly, admitting defeat for the moment. He'd just discuss it with Hannibal over breakfast and see if that maintained his anxiety. Probably not.

Will stepped out of the bedroom, still bare besides his boxers, and walked towards the bathroom Hannibal suggested. The new area was a vibrant white, an unusual color choice considering blood stains probably coated the walls on one too many occasions. It seemed very clinical, almost resembling a hospital with its pale interior but the fancy elements still managed to make it seem gentle. There were extravagant fixtures in the room, near the sink and shower. The sight reminded Will just who he's actually living with, that no, hes not rooming with just anyone. He's an ongoing housemate, for lack of a better word, of Dr. Hannibal Lecter and if that wasn't something to brag about, he'd be damned. However, Will was annoyed, accepting that he will not receive any praise because there's no one sane enough to question the poised man for anything besides perfect. Will on the other hand, was easy to find distasteful and the fact that he'd maintained a friend like Hannibal for so long came as a shock to even himself.

His stomach twisted as the soles of his feet pattered against the cold tile, walking towards the only mirror in the room. Chills reappeared along his lean legs but he ignored it, wanting to reacquaint himself with his own face. His body froze under the cool air as he stood in front his reflection through the bathroom's mirror. Will leaned forward, elbows beginning to press against the porcelain. The cool texture beneath him caused a shudder but he embraced the surrounding instead of recoiling. His reflection seemed so foreign as he stared, but he couldn't resist examining the literal slob in front of him.

Will inspected himself, his blue eyes red from sleep and his curls an untamed mess upon his forehead. He scrutinized the way his appearance seemed as conflicted as he felt and if Hannibal found him attractive, the man's aesthetic must've been fucked up along the way. But

Hannibal was unusual and maybe this kind of out of control disaster look he carried along his face was somehow intrigued. Will wouldn't be surprised, the man was a damn shrink. He practically hunted for fixer-uppers, not that Will intended to be one.

Will shuffled towards the shower, his muscles tight and full of tension. He began stripping off his last piece of fabric, the boxers shimming over his hips. Will consciously placed a hand over his groin, only removing the barrier when he's underneath the shower head. He knew Hannibal respected privacy but nevertheless, the situation hes in always felt too unpredictable to assume such. He moved his palm to the elegant bathrooms features, turning the water on its hottest setting because at this point, his skin is so cold it that he wonders if ice could compare to the feeling.

He yelped when the water pelting his skin, the unfamiliar warmth burning against his once freezing skin. But soon the spray was relaxing, his muscles unclenching during the wash. Will reached to the wrack near the shower head, grabbing one of the unfamiliar bottles with a brand he's never heard of and poured it onto his hand. Bubbles formed between his palms as he rubbed his hands together and he then began to lather up his chest, stomach, and arms.

Will felt as if his mind was blank besides for one person, Hannibal. Maybe it was just the effect of being in his home but as Will finished washing his body, his fingers traced along his stomach queuing the memory of Hannibal's touch. He continued, trailing down from his chest to his navel, mimicking how Hannibal had done that before directing him to the bathroom earlier.

It was an unexpected contact and pretty intimate but it wasn't treated that way. Hannibal seemed to use the action as a test of his power, administering touch for comfort and ordering Will. It was an almost lazy attempt at dominance but still effective considering Will listened and was currently cleaning up like Hannibal had recommended. Will knew he must be probably reading into it too much, but he felt something was there as subtle as it was. Whatever it was, Will wasn't going to address it. Hannibal didn't seem to have as much control as he originally did and mentioning the man's absence of authority usually led to problems (as Will had certainly seen before).

He finished his shower, stopping in front of the sink one last time to glance at his appearance and brush his teeth. He looked better, not that better was a compliment, but he didn't look like a future institution patient. Will clumsily scrambled his hands around, trying to find a toothbrush. He eyed Hannibal's, the handle poking out of a silver holder and considered using it if he couldn't find one. Would it be evasive for him to use Hannibal's tooth brush? It'd certainly be weird, like an indirect kiss because while Will wasn't one to really indulge in superstitious matters like indirect kisses, the concept was there and he couldn't deny Hannibal's teeth and lips had touched the brush.

Eventually, Will chose to awkwardly rub his now tooth paste coated fingers over his teeth. As uncomfortable as the stickiness on his fingers was, they didn't require passing a boundary to use so he'd endure.

Once Will was done, he yanked a towel around his waist, knowing that he'd probably have to

wear Hannibal's clothes from the cannibal's bedroom closet. Will's clothes seemed to disappear throughout the night and the duffle bag was being kept downstairs which would require walking there practically naked to get. He had no choice. It'd be degrading to dress in Hannibal's clothes, knowing that yesterday he said he'd never wear his pretentious outfits, but it was either that or going around naked which definitely wasn't an option.

On his way to the room, he noticed the basement door was fully locked and closed now. He would be irritated it was closed, however, with his head clear, he knew it was wise to shy away from his once uncontrollable curiosity.

Will knew avoiding the feeling growing in his chest was a wiser decision than indulging. After all, last time he got a little too interested, he found out his, "psychiatrist/friend," was The Chesapeake Ripper. Not exactly a great experience, not until now anyway.

Not until now, Will repeated, a little stunned at his own honesty.

Because in truth, Will was actually pretty happy in Hannibals home even with the murderous vibes that essentially leaked out of every crevice.

When he and Hannibal flirted before seeing the basement, he was content. When he woke up in Hannibal's luxurious bed, he was content. When he showered thinking about how soft Hannibal had touched him, he was content.

It was almost perfect besides the cannibalism and breakdown. And maybe he was becoming soft, God knows his empathy does that to him, but he was happy. If only he could keep to his plan of either trying to convince Hannibal to stop killing or get him arrested. The second option was pretty much not a choice at this point once reviewing his emotions but it was still there just in case. Or at least that's what he told himself to keep calm.

Will swallowed down his thoughts, continuing back to the bedroom.

When he opened the door, he didn't expect to see a neatly laid out outfit consisting of the clothes from his duffle bag which rested against the bed. He was a little taken back, not being able to process if the gesture was meant to control his dressing or if it was just to be helpful and kind. For now, Will took it as the latter, but the first thought appeared more accurate.

He began dressing, pulling over the light blue sweater which correlated with his own eyes. That was definitely intentional, Will knew. After the fabric was situated over his chest, he pulled on his loose jeans, thankful that Hannibal hadn't chosen something tight fitting. Will wasn't as against Hannibal observing his body as he had been before, but it was still a bit embarrassing to be put under a microscope.

Once he was covered besides his toes, collarbone and neck still being clearly displayed, he went down the stairs.

Half way down, the smell of freshly cooked food filled Will's nostrils. His head tilted, remembering Hannibal had already made breakfast and attempted to bring him it in a tray. But yet here Hannibal was, in a white apron next to his stove. Will cringed, acknowledging that perhaps him investigating ruined the romantic breakfast in bed idea Hannibal had

planned. He felt a flush coat his cheeks, the warmth of the shower still with him enough to provide an excuse for the blush.

Hannibal turned with a satisfied sparkle in his maroon eyes, new sausages and pancakes resting upon a fresh plate in his palm. He gazed at Will, his pupils flickering up at down and dilating like he'd just taken ecstasy.

"You look absolutely beautiful," Hannibal said in a hushed voice that almost slurred into a moan as he grinned. He no longer seemed aggravated so Will joined the man's happiness with his own smile.

"Thanks," He responded passively, the flush in his cheeks developing into a deeper red.

They looked at eachother for a few seconds, both of their hearts fluttering and faces obviously happy. Will interrupted the quiet though, remembering to apologize for earlier.

"Um, I'm sorry about making you remake breakfast. My curiosity got the best of me I guess..."

Hannibal hummed and shook his head. "There's no need to apologize, Will. It's my fault. I'm sorry for leaving the door open as a temptation," he muttered. "It seems curiosity got the best of both of us."

Will paused, mouth gaping. So Hannibal had tested him again... and he had failed. Will should've been mad at the misguidance but he felt ashamed he, the FBI's best consultant, hadn't seen through the staged scene. Then again, even if he'd known, would he have even tried to rest engaging? He might've just gone down the basement much quicker instead.

"I guess so," Will said, not exactly knowing what to say. He decided to ignore the pit of regret in his stomach and moved to sit down at Hannibal's dining room table.

Coincidentally, he sat at the exact chair he'd been forced to eat Hannibal's murdered victim at and the reminder sent a chill down his back. A chill out of *excitement.*

Will choked down the unusual reaction, desperately wanting to avoid the part of himself that understood cannibalism now.

Nevertheless, It wasn't something he could ignore and his surroundings faded into darkness, the only objects bright enough to be visible being the table and a chair in front of him. He tensed, anxiety pooling into his empty gut and he twisted his head in all directions. The area behind him and around him was completely black, the rooms light engulfed in a matter of seconds. Will felt sweat beading on his forehead and the cleansed feeling he wore around the house disappeared.

He glanced down, eyes bulging when he found himself entirely nude, no longer wearing the fluffy sweater and baggy jeans. A whine came out of his throat as he strived to cover his groin, but his hands refused to move and kept their place against the table. He was stuck.

An unusual emotion bubbled up in his throat, forcing him to release it through a hoarse scream.

The sound caused a new sight out of the corner of his eye; Hannibal. Without the slight twitch the man, the wendigo, commenced at Will's scream, he wouldn't have even known Hannibal was there and the only reason Will could see him now was due to the reflective light from the table hitting the cannibals entirely black skin. He looked utterly terrifying, large black horns protruding out of his head, their ends sharp and intimidating as if any second they'd pry themselves deep inside Will's body.

Hannibal wandered near the table, his blank face focusing on Will's naked presence. Will whimpered in a mix of shame and anxiety, wishing that his hallucinations would be nicer and let him at least be dressed.

The cannibal peered at Will, leaning in with an unreadable expression as he, out of nowhere, placed a covered plate on the dining room table.

The silver dish glistened without any light as if it radiated it's own and Will sat drenched in his sweat as Hannibal's sharp fingers trailed along the meal's cover.

Will knew what was going to be sitting on the plate, yet when the sight of a pulsing heart came into his vision, he was overwhelmed with emotion. It was covered in veins and kept pumping even as it laid alone without any body to circulate blood through.

His heart spurted, copying the rhythm of the organ in front of him and Will felt his groin rustle as a dark red appeared along his chest and cheeks.

Hannibal moved closer, his towering antlers hovering above him. He placed his sharp fingers next to Will's practically glued down hands and the motion was masquerading as menacing. However, he knew that if this wendigo truly was his lover, it'd be cloaked in love.

Will quivered at the closeness, his nakedness leaving him vulnerable and the sense of affection growing in his belly causing him to blush.

He did feel scared but there was also another emotion that overshadowed that: expectancy. The way his fingers clutched and his eyes blinked made it clear that Will was very eager to see where this was leading.

The cannibal grinned, sharp teeth extending from his pink gums and Will returned the look with a stare, not exactly sure what to do with the heart and wendigo in front of him. It's not like his hands were mobile at this point so he couldn't really progress the hallucination by eating the heart - not that he wanted to.

But that didn't seem to be a problem for Hannibal because he soon took a gruesome and ravishing mouthful of the organ. He ripped into it like it was a something as simple as a steak, his sharp canines penetrating the beating heart; It bled horribly, the redness crawling onto Hannibal's chin and down his ribbed chest.

Will sat and watched absently, muscles flexing in a mix of emotion. Hannibal continued breaking the flesh of the organ, his teeth plunging deeper until Will wondered how the man didn't catch the tips of his fingers with teeth by how far he'd gone into the meat.

The performance ended unexpectedly and, just as quickly as the wendigo had pulled out the dish, he was planted firmly next to Will's chair.

Will glanced to his side, noticing that the chunk of heart still rested inside Hannibal's jaw, his face completely coated in blood. Will wondered how that blood must taste on the cannibal's tongue. How the blood would taste to himself, on his own tastebuds.

He almost felt like asking although Hannibal apparently had read his mind because in seconds, his mouth was on Will's.

And God, the kiss was anything besides gentle.

Hannibal's canines clunked against Will's, his lips soft as they pressed onto the consultants mouth. He felt his fingers curl while the a piece of heart was directed near his throat. It tasted copperly, the massive amount of blood shadowing every other flavor. Will choked the chunk down, ignoring the way it harshly slid into his stomach. He couldn't focus on the pain long enough though, Hannibal keeping a pace that was almost indescribably pleasurable.

Will moaned wetly, his spit slicked throat attempting to bring Hannibal's carnivorous tongue furthur inside him. It all felt too real to be a hallucination and he closed his eyes in embarrassment, seeing a blackness just a tad bit darker than the room.

Apparently Hannibal wasn't too keen on Will blocking out the situation because he relentlessly grabbed at Will's wrists until he swore they were going to be raw later.

When he finally lifted his lids, the man kissing him was no longer a black wendigo. It was just Hannibal and they were back in the man's dining room, the plate of sausage and pancakes sitting in front of him with one piece of pancake gone. He was now in his comfy sweater and jeans but the whiplash from the sudden environment change made him unable to relax.

Hannibal released their locked mouths, knowing that something had just changed from when they were passionately kissing.

He smiled fondly at Will, lashes fluttering, and asked innocently, "Something wrong dear?"

The question woke him from his concentration and he asked worriedly, "Did you feed me a piece of pancake with your mouth?"

"Yes," Hannibal said all too cheerfully.

Will sighed, feeling relieved it had indeed been a hallucination as he had thought, but also unsettled he'd enjoyed being mouth-fed a heart by Hannibal... *Whatever,* Will thought, more focused on the fact that they'd kissed.

He blushed at the reminder and leaned backwards into his seat.

The kiss was actually *really* nice. Will had already been up for kissing the first day he'd arrived in Hannibal's home after the diner but now that they'd actually done it, he was more than anxious for more. Sure, his morals were pretty fucked up now that he really did love The Chesapeake Ripper but the more they touched, the more he didn't care. Maybe not caring about the consequences and understanding cannibalism was a side effect of his empathy, but nonetheless he felt as if their love was ironically pure and he was just accepting the fact that everyone - especially Hannibal - came with some issues. Hannibal's issues just so happened to come with an enormous amount of luggage that read, "psychiatrist/surgeon/Chesapeake Ripper that kills/eats rude people while manipulating his crush, who just so happens to be an FBI agent, and has no problem kidnapping or drugging said crush." He still managed to seem perfect though.

Will peered down at the breakfast still in front of him, wanting the cannibal staring curiously at him more than actual food.

"I'm not really up for breakfast anymore," Will said as he pushed the plate away, his tongue poking out to coat his lips with spit.

"Yet you're still licking your lips as if you'd like another bite," Hannibal grinned with his predatory eyes bulging and he leaned forward once again.

Will quirked. "Maybe I do."

His prayers were answered, Hannibal's mouth on his as he pushed Will and the chair backwards to make room for him between the man's legs.

This kiss was a lot more tender than the last, however his sensitive lips burned through the contact because Hannibal definitely hadn't repressed his desire during their first embrace.

Will's mouth stung the longer they remained lip-locked, but oddly enough, It didn't feel like Hannibal was hurting him. It felt like worship. And it made sense why it felt like that as he huffed desperately while Hannibal owned every crevice of his mouth. From his lips to his teeth to his tongue and throat, Hannibal was on him. There was hardly any time to breathe between each passionate suck and inhale from oxygen-deprived lungs. And yet through Will's glazed eyes, he saw that the cannibal never even stopped for a breath.

"Mm.." Will groaned, his cheeks flushed and collarbone matching the redness he now wore like a full body suit.

Hannibal grinned in their kiss, unable to hold back the happiness he got from hearing the man moan. He gradually trailed his mouth down Will's heated face to his jaw, pressing soft and sweet kisses along the approaching stubble. Will shivered as the man took a deep inhale in the crook of Will's neck. The skin there was pale, untouched and despite how gentle Hannibal was now, he could sense the man's desperation to mark him.

"A-ah, you can," Will swallowed, wondering if consenting to this so early in their sexual life was a wise idea, but ignoring his doubt was easy with Hannibal on top of him, devouring him. So he continued.

"Bite me."

Chapter End Notes

LOLOL SORRY FOR ME COCKBLOCKING I DONT HAVE TIME YET TO WRITE THEM DICK TOOUCHIN SO YEAH LETS WORK TOWARDS IT

Sin

Chapter Summary

tbh i think this chapter is just pure smut and body worship

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal bit. He bit hard - hard like it was the first and last taste he'd ever savor on this Earth.

His teeth sunk into Will's flesh, the new orifices turning pink at the rough penetration. Will's heated skin melted around his mouth and he relished the way muscles contracted in a virginal manner. Hannibal shuddered in his enchantment, acknowledging that there was nothing in this world that could compare to the love and affection he felt at the flavor on his tongue. Hannibal's heart swelled with joy and even with his many degrees and large vocabulary, he still couldn't find the exact words to explain his sense of appreciation.

He reluctantly loosened his jaw to view the new imprint of his sharp blade-like teeth. His body warmed as he watched the print bleed lightly, bubbling red liquid appearing above broken skin.

But Hannibal wanted more, he didn't want a simple erasable mark that Will would soon neglect and end up disappearing. He wanted a wound, something so permanent that his lover would wake up every morning to trace his fingers around.

A scar would be just that, except creating it with the way Will withered at just the current pain proved it may be beyond his current possibilities.

Hannibal knew Will wasn't ready for everything just yet. He hoped in time he would though. Afterall, Hannibal had plans that reached far beyond a simple bite wound - reached beyond a simple scar. After dreaming evernight of his veiny hands against Will's over-stimulated body which leaked blood from many different lacerations, Hannibal prayed Will would be able to withstand more than a rough mark.

Of course, if Will couldn't, he'd would understand. In fact, Hannibal would be okay with an entirely sexless marriage despite begging otherwise. The psychiatrist had been around murder for long enough to realize that causing pain to someone was an entirely different case than enduring it yourself. Because no matter how strongly Hannibal adored the sight of a pig dying beneath his hands, he knew if he himself were in that position, he'd never withstand the sensation to find it as beautiful as it was on the other end.

So Will even consenting to the bite was worth celebration to Hannibal. He saw the curiosity, the killer that hid beneath Will Graham's introverted appearance, but determining whether

that persona led to applying or receiving discomfort, Hannibal didn't know. And that left him worried, a feeling he had never known so personally before Will.

Will, the FBI agent with a quirky personality and isolated atmosphere. Will, the beautiful empath with a lovely odor that smelt of the sickness Encephalitis. Will, the interested lover who was currently moaning beneath him, managed to change Hannibal in a matter of a year and that frightened the cannibal to his very core.

He had never predicted ever meeting someone he'd consider an equal or a lover at that and now that he indeed did, he was obsessively determined to keep whatever possession he held over the man. And if keeping that possession over Will required abstinence on his part, he'd gladly take it in turn for the desired company.

But it appeared such a reality wouldn't be a worry for Hannibal as Will smiled fondly at the present blood with hungry eyes that screamed enjoyment.

Hannibal took the reaction for what it was and pressed his teeth into the oozing area. He sucked into the bite, pulsing Will's blood around his mouth as he pried his canines deeper into skin. The want to cause more pain, more blood, still laid in Hannibal's belly, but he instead focused on pleasing his lover.

Will moaned louder, his cock obviously pumped full of blood and ready to get out of loose jeans. But as his hands began to wander towards his groin, large palms stopped him in his tracks.

"Let me," Hannibal mumbled in between sucks, mouth busy gluing kisses to Will's bite.

He traveled down Will's chest, licking his collarbones until his chin met the rim of a cozy sweater. Hannibal yanked it up feverishly, craving to see Will's florid chest and trembling belly. He grinned wildly as he stared at the pink buds which perked at the air contact and quickly brought his sharp teeth onto the left nipple.

Will yelped, fingers clenching in a mix of pleasure and pain as Hannibal nipped.

The cannibals hands kept occupied as his mouth lapped, nails gripping and pushing against Will's stomach. His darling was alarmed to feel fingers digging into the tender flesh next to his navel, but eventually relaxed into it. Hannibal's mouth followed the path his hands created to Will's jean button. He promptly unlatched the silver button while kissing against the Will's belly button, both men extremely impatient.

Will grunted, seemingly overjoyed Hannibal was finally paying attention to an area besides his torso. Hannibal smiled and punctually freed Will's cock, lips separating in joy as it shivered out. The length was perfect, it's head leaking precum and its sides bulging in strain.

“Stunning,” Hannibal said in a hushed voice, almost too amazed to focus on his pronunciation being correct.

He hummed, emotions he'd never felt before hitting him like a powerful punch. Hannibal sank his body down onto his knees, face leveled with Will’s erection.

Will was like this, hard, because of him. Hannibal caused, created, and cultivated this. He found Will and his lover saw him, understood him which allowed the sensation of love to wither throughout Hannibal's body. The raw vibrations sent chills across his bones and muscles, appearance disheveling.

Hannibal puckered his moist lips as he slid soft kisses onto Will's length. He lightly caressed the base, fondling the lovely dark pubic hair as he placed more and more wet touches along his cock.

It was obvious from how Hannibal relentlessly pecked at Will's skin, that he expected to eventually own every inch of his beautiful body. And this was just the beginning.

Will moaned, heart beating out of his chest as the man hovered around his groin, teasing and smothering him with smooches.

Hannibal built up the suspense, pursing his lips directly on Will's tip before he took the length in his mouth. He covered his sharp teeth, wanting Will to only feel pleasure for the moment.

Will whined excessively, barely audible noises of, "Hannibal," and, "more," leaking out of his moist throat. The encouraging moans made the cannibal's eyes brighten in a absorbing gaze. As he admired Will, he realized the man's whole being was flushed in a healthy blush, cheeks, ears, collar bone, and belly a vehement red. Beautiful.

Hannibal gracefully took Will, fingers sentimentally clasping on the curve of Will's ass as his tongue stimulated his cock.

The way Will blossomed beneath him at this motion inspired Hannibal to continue harder, stronger. The love in his heart and mind overflowed as he massaged his lovers butt, lips still pleasing. His mouth clamped down, encasing Will on his tongue.

Will breathlessly inhaled, voice hitching as orgasm edged him on. His ears twitched in adrenaline while his body shuddered restlessly. He was close and the visual was mouthwatering.

Will's eyes had a reddish rim and a tear coated cover while his lips were wide open, moist and a rose color from where he'd been kissed. His curls stuck to his tacky forehead, sweat layering onto scruff that was evenly spread across his face while nipples remained bruised with affection and growing soreness.

Hannibal felt a wetness inside his own eyes as he watched, tears of happiness he supposed. He choked slightly as his vision faded into a blur, Will's cock still bulging in his throat. His lover shouted breathlessly, voice cracking as the trail of precum sliding down Hannibal's clenched throat shifted to a sticker substance, cum. And even with the unusual taste, he preserved the warmth growing in his stomach while Will's muscled flexed in indulgence.

Hannibal's classy palette took in Will's flavor, admiring and swishing it around his closed mouth before swallowing the fluid. The cum hugged his throat, tasting delightfully similar to

the man's blood, but containing a bitterness that he could only compare to carefully brewed coffee he'd contently drink everyday. Maybe he would too.

Will heavily exhaled, breaths jerking and sluggishly fading while his body gently slumped over. In his calm form, Hannibal swore he saw a glimpse of a twinkle in the man's face beneath his dense chocolate curls, dimples undoubtedly indenting where lips curved upwards. And once checking, Will confirmed the suspicion with a lively chuckle that emerged from his parted mouth. The sound guided Hannibal to unhinge his clamped jaw still encompassing Will's soft cock to return the happiness with his own cheeky smile.

Hannibal pulled his feet up with captivation in his burning gaze, stiff knees cracking due to holding the uncomfortable position in between Will. He quirked as he noticed his lover's chuckle encouraging a soon-to-be loud laugh. The man roared in a vibrant merriment beautiful enough to leave Hannibal proud in his Oxfords.

"Ya know," Will spoke in between hearty giggles that did nothing but heat Hannibal's already lovesick coated attention. "I never thought I'd allow a cannibal to put my genitals, something he'd quite literally eaten before, in his mouth. Ironic isn't it?"

The cannibal grinned, Will's humor never ceasing to inspire affection. He brought his hand forward, fingers stroking against the man's moist face. Hannibal expected Will to shrink away from the touch, the usual reaction he'd received to facial contact but no. Will only purred, lips separating furthur as he leaned into the care, his eyelids gradually closing while Hannibal domestically rubbed his thumb against growing scruff.

"My darling," Hannibal beamed. "I never pegged you as someone who'd shy away from a bit of teeth, but don't worry."

Will blinked, eyelashes clearing his moist sight before Hannibal continued in a soothingly tone.

"You're far lovelier with all your body parts intact."

They both responded with an afterglow of satisfaction that, to anyone else, would appear to have been brought from a day of endless sex. But all they had done was bite, kiss, and suck which honestly made Hannibal wonder what emotions he'd feel when inside Will, when he'd thrust into that strong yet delicate body. Would it be as satisfying as this? Surely.

However, Hannibal had other orders to attend to first. Specifically, the hard-on he could barely cover up with just his apron.

Chapter End Notes

and OH MY GOD GUYS forgive me if the ending is a mess i got so pissed like i had written a rly nice after blow job fluff scene but it got deleted bc i accidentally clicked the

back button on my keyboard so....
anyways i hope this is good<3

and next chapter is gonna b will talkin bout his feelings ya know the usual

Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

yo lil chatty time over here this chapter
sorry this was intended to be so much longer but things happened
so sorry for any mistakes<3 I do try to reread my writing but I often skim too quickly and miss things

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will never thought he'd have his first kiss with Hannibal during a weird episode and then get blown by him all in the same hour. That was just his fucking luck though, wasn't it.

He had come into breakfast with a mindset that screamed *learn*, but he only walked away from the half-assed meal - that he really didn't eat any of - with an even fuzzier understanding than he'd original had. Now not only did he have to worry about that damn basement and his awkward interpretation of Hannibal's dominance, he also must process that the cannibal blew him literally seconds after they'd shared their first kiss. And while Will knew he was pretty impatient when it came to sexual advances, he himself didn't know he was *that* eager to have Hannibal's lips around him.

Nonetheless, Will welcomed the surprise with open arms since there was also something extremely satisfying about knowing Hannibal received pleasure by giving it. The way the cannibal moaned in satisfaction, grinned at every quiver of his own noises, seemed to encourage Will to be louder and he couldn't deny he indeed did push a few groans just to rise Hannibal's arousal. It was unusually weird for him that he did that though and Will could blame it on his empathy, being satisfied by someone else's happiness was not beyond it after all, but he knew it wasn't the cause.

Empathy couldn't make him forget about the heart wrenching fear in his gut just to savor Hannibal's cheeriness. No, only something as cliche as love could do that. Love made it so Will lavished the feeling of Hannibal swallowing his cum with tears in his eyes and that was breathtaking. Literally too, hence the whole, "gotta take a two minute breather to process this whole shit storm," chuckle intervention afterwards.

And God he needed some laughter because, after it happened, Will didn't have a clue what to do. His mind still felt like a fluid wave balancing between whispering mocking reminders like, "*you're kissing a serial killer*," while on the other hand, there was another soft voice that guided, "*Hannibal loves you*." But his heart always agreed with the latter, never hesitating to beat with a heavy warmth at Hannibal. That steady rhythm of heat he could never hold down, just proved how deep Hannibal's roots were. If his life was some perfect love story, he'd take

that as a solid sign that he and Hannibal were meant to be, that they we're going to have a happy ending.

That could've been true too had Hannibal not inspired an ungodly sensation in Will's stomach. An enticed persona he fostered within his gut that relished at the possibility of bleeding alongside the cannibal in a harmony of gore and beauty. And maybe saying a, "persona," was just a way of disconnecting Will from the temptation, but he was determined to stick to it. After all, denial's convenience continually became more of a haven as his hallucinations implied a moral shift.

But hell, that was the least of Will's worries even if it shouldn't have been. Instead, he was far too entranced by Hannibal. The memory of Hannibal kissing along his body, how his masculine hands gripped his ass with a sense of desire, was mind-numbingly perfect. So mind-numbing that he didn't even notice the bulge in Hannibal's groin as he waddled upstairs to clean off until he had come back down and noticed the cannibal had changed pants. It was pretty flattering, Will knew the man had been aroused, yet Will felt a tad disappointed that he had not been there for Hannibal in his uncomfortable time of need.

He tried to say something that resembled an apology, but Hannibal cut him off with a broad smile as he opened the backdoor to let seven anxious dogs inside.

They huffed furiously, having not seen Will for hours when they used to see him every second of the day at his old home. *Old home,* Will tsked, annoyed how comfortable that rolled in his mind. To think that just after another night at Hannibal's, he had already lost another aspect of himself.

That's what manipulation does to people, Will thought with a forced frowned because, sure, it did hurt to know he adapted so well. But in actuality, losing pieces of his introverted and anxiety stuffed personality he had been molded to through years of loneliness and headaches wasn't that bad. Plus, he got Hannibal, someone he'd practically allowed to fuck with his brain.

But he signed up for this, didn't he. Will agreed to a deal he didn't have to make, came to a house he didn't have to go to, kissed a man he didn't have to kiss. And yeah, blackmail was definitely present for a few of those situations, but it was nothing Will couldn't have stopped had he really wanted to. It's not like Hannibal took away his phone. He could've called Jack, gotten Amber out of harm's way, could've recorded Hannibal threatening her. He could've done a lot of things, should've too. But Will never really wanted Hannibal caught, never really wanted him incarcerated and Hannibal knew that. They both did, except the psychiatrist could accept that far easier without a cloak of human feelings to cloud the truth with.

Or maybe that was just how well Hannibal had him. He knew it the first night: Will had been polished by his empathy to love and understand, so now he was putty in the killer's hands.

That acknowledgment really didn't bother him. He benefitted from loving Hannibal as much as Hannibal did him. It was a give and take scenario, one that didn't require denial in order to resolve Will's heart, not like the murder part did.

Will wanted that resolved too though. Consider it the millionth reason why he wanted to go see inside Hannibal's murder cave.

However, it was odd. Will found himself more bothered by the murderous aspect of Hannibal, not at all by the cannibalistic parts. It was mostly unusual since murder and cannibalism typically came hand in hand, but he guessed that eating a dead body that came disguised as pork was far easier to experience than actually causing a living person to die. And all it took was a few sanity breaching hallucinations and a blow job from a cannibal to romanticize something as taboo as eating another being.

It had always kinda been there though, sitting in the back of Will's closed off brain. For good reason too, this was not worthy of any celebration. Just another reason people were so desperate to give him therapy. And hell of a job that did on him because now here he was: petting his seven dogs with his still empathy induced mind, that allowed cannibalism, in the middle of The Chesapeake Ripper's house after having received an amazing blowjob. Psychiatry really did do wonders, didn't it.

Will sighed, dogs trailing after him as he walked towards Hannibal's living room. Hannibal's eyes followed him the whole way, his fingers busy cleaning dishes at a counter in front of his living room couch. He obviously was pleased with his work, a grin still set on the cannibal's face. Will ignored the sly smile and sloppily sat down on the couch's fluffy cushion, the furnitures back facing the currently domesticated killer.

"Wine," Hannibal's voice questioned from behind the silver table.

"Yes," Will groaned as he watched the pups disappear into the house's crevices.

While it probably wasn't wise to drink with all his thoughts betraying him, alcohol of any sort felt like the perfect medicine to drowning out his problems.

Hannibal appeared from behind the couch, two glasses clinking together in one hand and a bottle of Chianti in the other. He gave one glass to Will while keeping the other palmed in his own grasp and though red wine wasn't Will's favorite in any circumstance, he gladly smiled when Hannibal poured the liquid into his cup.

The cannibal placed the rest of the bottle onto a small coffee table and then sat to the right of Will in a beige chair. He crossed his legs in his typical psychiatrist style manner as he idly sipped at his wine. Will couldn't have been more the opposite of that, gulping down the redness like it was his first drink in attempt to relax as soon as possible. He knew getting drunk wouldn't be exactly correct after-blowjob etiquette, but Hannibal hadn't done anything that bad before due to his rudeness. What could happen now?

Will swallowed the wine, his glass already empty as he slumped further into the soft cushion.

Hannibal merely observed with a critical eye and continued his gradual consummation of his own. But after a few long moments of the cannibal staring and Will drowsily avoiding the gaze while refilling his drink, Hannibal decided to begin a conversation.

"I'm aware of your feelings towards our discussions at my office, but I've greatly missed spending those pleasant evenings together. Our talks always were the peak of my day," He kindly said. Each word was spoken in a slightly lazily gush that could only be seen as a passionate confession to Will, who was nearing drunk already.

Will smiled at the honesty and before he could catch his lagged tongue, he babbled a loose lipped, “Me too.”

It wasn't a lie either. Will genuinely did enjoy a few of their conversations: the ones in which weren't Hannibal psychoanalyzing him. And those moments where he could relax completely into Hannibal's interested voice were the necessary sparks that created a deep friendship and growing love for the psychiatrist. They were memories that Will fondly kept hidden from the rest of his ruined brain and made sure to keep unscathed in their innocence. Of course, they did have a few scars in themselves. The partner he shared during each evening did indeed kidnap him and throughout those stressful circumstances, Will seethed with despise at the mere thought of those discussions.

But that ended the second he stepped into his home and rethought every second of his abduction, causing their, "psychiatry sessions," to return back as their original peaceful memories. So he actually wasn't lying when he admitted his sentimental love for their conversations as well.

The nostalgia was enough to produce a flutter in Will's heart.

"They were occasionally nice," the scruffy man mumbled, missing their chats now that he could imagine himself fading back into that particular rhythm.

Hannibal smirked behind his wine glass and, in a soft spoken voice, continued, "No need to mourn them, Will. I plan to have many more talkative afternoons with you."

Will only responded with a pitiful smile, indecisive whether his excitement for the prospect of the future was a good thing or not. He took another gulp of the alcohol, and filled up his empty glass for perhaps the fourth time in matter of minutes.

Unfortunately for him though, the cannibal obviously didn't intend to allow alcohol the privilege of becoming some harmful coping mechanism, for he jumped away from his chair and reached for Will's cup before the rim could reach the consultant's lips. Will whined desperately as the liquid vanished from his sight along with Hannibal's broad back, but Hannibal reappeared. The wine did not.

This time, Hannibal sat next to Will, his legs already arriving to their default pose: one over the other. And with both of their mouths now free, words flowed wildly from moist lips.

"Would you like to decide upon some boundaries?" Hannibal asked in a gentle whisper, his fingers lacing themselves around the consultant's left thigh. The touch didn't go unnoticed, but a flinch never came.

"Boundaries," Will blinked in question, eyes flicking towards the cannibal's thumb which began tracing back and forth on his jeans. "Setting rules in the beginning of a new

relationship is rather limiting. Don't you think?"

"Not at all. I would hate for you to feel uncomfortable in a circumstance that could've been prevented had we discussed it," He cooed.

The idea of a set of limitations never came across as a good idea to Will, but he nodded along nonetheless as Hannibal persuaded. Having a clear cut expectation to live up would make it easy for him to keep everything murder-free afterall.

"Of course, we would both mutually agree on them, and, if you have any of your own, you could add them as well," The man suggested softly, but with an undertone of formality that could only be mastered from years of psychiatry. Hannibal was trying his best to keep the proposal diplomatic and disguised as a mutual decision instead of a requirement.

Will exhaled, a brow raised before asking, "Okay. What's your first rule then?" It could've been the alcohol, but he was actually eager to compromise if it meant more peaceful evenings with Hannibal.

"First, I'd like you to know you're welcome to continue your job with Jack, though I do believe his authority hinders you."

"Yeah, no worries about that one. I don't even know myself if I want to continue working under him," Will scoffed. Puking at Jack's office really wasn't the best reunion and didn't scream, "welcome back," in anyway, so no matter how guilty he felt at the continuing murders he could've solved, work wasn't his priority. Though that news came as ideal to Hannibal because, right after, his sharp canines exposed themselves in a large smile while he lightly squeezed the flesh in his palm.

Will blushed at the grin, heart pumping either from his drunkenness or affection. He adverted his gaze from the beautiful cannibal and quietly muttered, "The second rule?"

Hannibal started speaking after adoring the reaction his lover gave. "Secondly, you can't pick up any more strays and although I said we could negotiate upon some decisions, this is not one of them. Seven is already pushing it, Will." He spoke the demand attempting to appear irritated, but was far too entranced by the redness in the other man's cheeks to actually execute.

As if right on cue, Winston popped out from behind the sofa, his tail wagging and ears perked like he knew gossip was in the air.

Will immediately bent forward out of his comfortable slouch as he moved to pet the slobbering dog, but he made sure his thigh remained steady in order to keep Hannibal's warm grip. He didn't want the soothing stroke to feel obliged to stop at the new position, since the feeling was anything besides unwanted.

"Seven really isn't that much once you think about it. Plus, you fed them before, so you should at least know how satisfying it is to hear their pleased noises," Will argued, his hand still working Winston's ears.

"And you will hear those sounds again, just from the same seven dogs. I don't see why taking in anymore would benefit you at all."

"It would benefit *them*," The consultant debated, but eventually surrendered. "Fine," Will settled, his hand releasing its wrap around the pups fur as it followed his body back into the couch's cushions, thigh still unaltered. Winston whined at the lack of touch, but eventually settled near Will's feet. "How many more rules?"

"One more," Hannibal said, fingers pausing from their stroke and the hesitation instantly created tension in Will. "The last one is: I will tell you whenever I'm going to kill someone. You'll either participate or leave and return to Wolf Trap during those times."

Will popped up from the seat, not even bothering to keep his thigh stable.

"Absofuckinglutely not," He hollered as Winston began whining due to the noise.

Hannibal frowned, hoping there had been progress, and yes, there had. But not any Will was anxious to share. Admitting he was up for eating humans was nowhere in Will's agenda of things to tell a cannibal. Would it ever be? That progress didn't allow murder though.

"I'm assuming you'll be spending a lot more time in Wolf Trap then," Hannibal sighed.

And God, Will wanted to yell and scream that Hannibal shouldn't be upset that he's not enthusiastic for murder because that should never be something any average person expects from their lover, but Will mostly felt hurt. Hurt since he was given an option that forced him to ignore his curiosity instead of facing it head on. He didn't want a choice and now that he had one, his moral justice system would only accept the, "correct," route.

"I guess so," Will glared. His mind twitched, knowing that he didn't argue the cause further and was deciding to ignore the killing as long as it existed. Will wouldn't stop it, though he knew he should. And though it made him feel guilty that he would easily give a blind eye to future victims that he could always attempt to save, Will harbored more guilt that he himself wouldn't care about the continuing murders.

Hannibal's frown melted into a vibrant smirk, almost as bright as the earlier grin, but better. It seemed that Will's submission to this rule was worthy of celebration for the cannibal rather than the hurricane it erupted in Will.

At least someone was happy.

Chapter End Notes

i hate everything oh my god. It took me so long to post this because I wrote this twice since the first time I FORGOT TO SAVE I

I DONT KNOW WHY JESUS IS TESTIN ME LIKE THIS YALL I DONT KNOW and i actually rewrote it a lot differently than i originally had it which IDK IF THATS GOOD OR NOT

btw im thirsty for comments i never knew i had such a praise kink

End Notes

I hope you like it! im always open to people telling me about what they do or dont like so feel free to comment<3 Im a bit bad at interpreting wills personality since sometimes he seems so submissive and then other times youre like DAMN BOY YOU ABOUT TO SHOOT SOME1 OR SOMETHIN? I dont know i tried my best

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!